YANK

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By the men . . for the men in the service

ALEUTIAN CARRIER

A GI Hitchhiker Reports on His Travels in Sicily

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YANK PVT. HAMPTON FINDS A NEW PAL AMONG SICILY'S YOUNGER GENERATION. TO SHOW THIS FRIENDSHIP IS MADE OF MORE THAN A PASSING GRIN, SHE'S WEARING HIS WOOL CAP

PUFFS OF SMOKE ON THE HILL SHOW WHERE SHELLS FIRED BY U. S. M4 AND M5 TANKS IN THE VALLEY ARE LANDING. TANKS WERE BLASTING PILL BOX WHICH FELL SOON AFTERWARD

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The sergeant started thumbing his way to Palermo but decided instead to watch the capture of Trapani by the American infantrymen.

AMERICAN SOLDIERS, ON FOOT AND PILED INTO ARMY TRUCKS, MOVE ALONG A DUSTY ROAD TO CAPTURE ANOTHER TOWN DURING THE SWIFT OCCUPATION OF NORTHWESTERN SICILY.

GI HITCHHIKER IN SICILY

By Sgt. RALPH G. MARTIN
YANK Field Correspondent

WITH THE AMERICAN FORCES IN SICILY—I was on my way to Palermo, the big port and naval base on the northern coast of this island. In four hours I'd managed to hitch only two short rides—one on a motorcycle piloted by a guy who should have been in the Air Forces, the other in a peep crowded with 11 other soldiers.

For 15 miles along a bumpy road, I sat on the left fender of the peep in a painfully peculiar position. Every time we approached another hitchhiker, the driver stopped to pick him up. I'd start looking around for a place to move to, knowing damn well there wasn't any, then the hitcher would give our busload the once-over and wave us on.

When the peep reached its destination, the others piled out and went their way, while I took a seat by the roadside waiting for another lift toward Palermo. For a half hour I amused myself by an interesting sign-language discussion with a little Sicilian kid. He'd come along and given me the stiff-arm Fascist salute, and now I tried to explain to him that he was definitely out of tune with the times.

Just as my young friend was getting the Boy Scout salute down pat, along came a truckload of American troops.

"Going to Palermo?" I asked.

"Nope, we're going to Trapani," one of them said.

"Have we captured Trapani?" I asked.

"We're going to take it now. Want to come along?"

I went.

The road to Trapani, a port on the western shore, twists and turns. "I wish some of these Sicilian women had half the curves this road has," one Yank wistfully remarked.

There were about 20 soldiers in the truck, all of them young, tough and looking as though they were ready for anything. We kept picking up other American troops at the outskirts of every town, and they served as road guides until we reached the next village. Before long our truck looked like the Coney Island Express on the Fourth of July.

The crisis came when we picked up our last guide, who had four prisoners with him. Everybody had pleasant suggestions about dealing with the prisoners — anything seemed better than squeezing them into the party. But the more bloodthirsty proposals were vetoed, and these four Italian Sad Sacks finally climbed aboard. They stared at us with scared looks until someone handed them some cigarettes. That broke the tension, and they all smiled broadly.

Judging by the reception we received at different towns along the route to Trapani, the Sicilian grapevine must have flashed this word throughout the island: "The Americans are winning this war. Be good to the Americans and they'll be good to you."

All along the streets, lines of Sicilians cheered and handed the Yanks all sorts of fresh fruit—apples, pears, melons and almonds. Instead of the sullen, suspicious attitude that we'd encountered in our first few days at Gela, when the people peeped at us from the balconies of their homes, these Sicilians were warm in their greeting. Home-made American flags waved at us on every side. In the town of Vita, the people even threw Italian chocolate bars at us, probably looted from the ransacked Italian barracks. It was mostly tasteless stuff, but the important thing was that they were throwing candy and not snipers' bullets.

It wasn't until we came to the Napola railway station, several miles this side of Trapani, that we saw the first signs of war in this part of Sicily. Railway cars and tracks were twisted pieces of scrap. Not far away were the remains of eight German planes, with parts scattered all over the place. "That's the way I like to see Jerry planes," said Pfc. Alf Walsberg of Bakersfield, Calif. Our bombers had done a thorough job.

Just beyond Napola we ran into a bunch of our boys setting up a command post. In a wide gully at the edge of a clump of trees, an under-

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sized sergeant was talking over the radio to crews of 12 different 155-mm howitzers set up around us. A battalion of big guns, commanded by Lt. Col. William Westmoreland of Pacolet Mills, S. C., was also taking part in this action.

The infantry troops in the gully, commanded by Maj. Edward Krause of Green Bay, Wis., had made a name for themselves once before. These "Cannonball" boys were credited with halting the German tank attack near Vittoria, 12 miles inland, the day after the invasion.

The infantry had swept through most of the western sector of Sicily, meeting little resistance, and they weren't expecting much trouble here. But a reconnaissance patrol of three armored jeeps was sent ahead to find out just what, if anything, was waiting for us. Meanwhile the rest of the troops were already jumping out of their trucks and lining up alongside the road, not too close together. They were set to move in and take over the town as soon as the patrol gave them the go-ahead.

Enemy Artillery Is Overcome

Then things started to happen. Rounding a curve in the road to Trapani, the reconnaissance patrol ran into heavy barbed wire and road blocks, and found itself the target for some concentrated small-arms fire. The jeeps raced back to report.

Five minutes later Italian artillery boomed out, most of the stuff apparently coming from the lower ridges of a hill on our right flank. As we later discovered, the enemy had a battery of big guns, a whole flock of mortars, some 77-mm cannon and pill boxes. Soon shells were flying all over the place, and quite a few were dropping in the field behind our CP. One 77 shell landed a bare 100 feet from the center of the CP.

We answered the enemy barrage. The little sergeant back in the gully spoke quietly into the phone. "Batteries," he said, "fire for effect." The effect was terrific.

One of our Piper Cubs—you could hardly call it an airplane, it was more like a washing-machine motor in a cardboard box—climbed up above all the smoke and circled around, checking the accuracy of our artillery. Not an enemy plane rose to bother it.

Ordered to knock out the enemy gun positions, the infantry didn't bother to outflank them; they just charged. With American artillery shells singing over their heads, the troops got within 400 yards of the Italian guns before they loosed a volley of small-arms fire.

After two hours the job was done. The Italians stopped shooting and started surrendering. Pvt. Harry Bifone of Steubenville, Ohio, an Italian-speaking Yank, came upon two Italian soldiers. They followed him docilely to another hole where Bifone acquired 30 more prisoners. Right behind the 30 came another 50. Bifone started down the hill with his 82 prisoners, and by the time he reached the bottom had more than 200 Italians traipsing along behind. This was considerably better than Sgt. Alvin York's record in the first World War—he got only 132—but York had to capture two German machine-gun nests single-handed before the Huns surrendered. Bifone didn't even ask some of these Italians to put their hands up—they just came.

All the Germans had pulled up their stakes the day before. One Nazi soldier was still around and he tried to make a run for it. But Sgt. Raymond Hart of Syracuse, N. Y., knew how to shoot very straight.

Not far behind the gun emplacements was an Italian hospital. Sgt. Carl Paul of Kamiah, Idaho, walked in to look around. The first patients he bumped into were an American P-40 pilot, who had crash-landed two weeks before, and six British flyers, who'd been in the hospital two months.

"The first thing they wanted was American cigarettes," Paul said.

After the Italian artillery surrendered, the town commander drove up toward the Americans with a white flag. He was an Italian admiral, all dressed up in a gold-braided zoot suit. The admiral was quite ready to surrender the town on our unconditional terms. But that night, except for a few roving American patrols, Trapani was declared "off limits" for Yank soldiers.

It was getting late and I was hungry, so I sat down by the roadside and started to open up my C rations. In no time at all I was surrounded by a lot of smiling Sicilians who apparently lived in the nearby farmhouses. They started handing me food, shyly, like little children. One woman gave me five tomatoes, a girl gave me a little salt and some freshly made Italian brown bread, still warm from the baking. Another woman gave me some ripe watermelons.

To pay them back, I emptied my pockets of all my candy and cigarettes. As I was eating, an old farmer pushed his way forward through the crowd, stuck out his chest and said in a loud voice, "Good morning. I got two sons in America. I got one son in the United States Army, and I got a son who got the best barber shop in Brooklyn." He stopped to catch a breath. I stopped eating. After that we had a long talk over a bottle of Chianti wine. The old man had been in the States for a few years himself, and he said he was going back just as soon as possible.

When he learned I was planning to spend the night in a foxhole, he said, "You got to come sleep in my house. Will make me very happy, like my own son come home." So I went. It was a crumbling little farmhouse, maybe a hundred years old and probably more. It seemed as remote from the war and the world as a small swimming hole in the middle of the woods.

Two families lived in the house. When I came in, they all lined up to shake hands and then kept on staring until I felt like both halves of a pair of Siamese twins. Two of the farmer's daughters were very healthy and quite pretty. There's something about healthy, pretty girls that does something to a guy, especially in Sicily, but both of them had boy friends with them.

Just as I was getting ready to turn in, the two boy friends took me aside and showed me their boots. They were Italian army boots. The old man explained: "These two good boys don't want to fight Americans, so they quit." War is so simple sometimes.

That night I slept with my clothes on and a .45 next to me. All night I was dive-bombed and strafed by several million flies and mosquitoes, and long before the dawn I began to envy the American soldiers sleeping soundly in dirty foxholes. For breakfast I had walnut wine without any side dishes. Then I went to Trapani.

Airport in Ruins; Town Hard Hit

I bypassed the airport, which had been busted up by our bombers and big guns. There was nothing left but a mass of litter, parts of planes and craters where hangars used to be. Trapani itself was hard hit, almost as hard as some sections of Bizerte had been during the North African campaign. Whole blocks were cluttered with rubble, and in the still streets the only stores open were barber shops.

The people of Trapani had not yet come back to the town, but lots of Italian soldiers were walking along the streets. Whenever they saw a Yank, they halted, saluted smartly and said "*buon giorno*," which means "good day." A few were under guard but most of them wandered around alone. They were all heading toward the prison stockade to give themselves up. One MP told me the Italian soldiers were even coming to town in their own trucks, with their own drivers, and without guards, hunting for somebody who would accept their surrender. At nightfall we had taken 5,000 prisoners.

The trip to Trapani was worth while. But tomorrow I'm definitely going to Palermo.

Deviled or Devilish?

SOMEWHERE IN CHINA—Lt. Gen. Joseph W. (Uncle Joe) Stilwell, inspecting a bomb group of the Fourteenth Air Force, stopped to chat with one of the GIs.

"Where are you from, son?" he asked him.

"I'm from Baltimore, sir," the GI told him.

"Baltimore," said the general. "I'll bet you miss those crabs."

The GI thought a minute and then blushed slightly. "What kind of crabs do you mean, sir?"

GI Cowboys in South Pacific Round Up Creamed Beef on Hoof

ON THE RUSSELL ISLANDS—Under spreading palm trees and over crunching coral ledges ride the only honest-to-gosh cowboys in the South Sea islands, rounding up fresh meat for Allied forces at this advanced base.

These tropic cowpunchers, with a group of soldier butchers, operate the original GI slaughterhouse in the South Pacific, providing a regular escape from tinned chow for units of the Army, Navy, Marines, Seabees, Allied air forces and hospitals. Trucks from these outfits pick up more than 26,000 pounds of meat each week at the slaughterhouse's huge refrigerator.

No cattleman of the Old West ever had a scrimpier start than the enterprising ranchers, who made their first bridles out of communication wire and used burlap sacks and Mae West life jackets for saddles. Today they have serviceable Army saddles and equipment.

In spite of these early obstacles, the Bar-X Packing Company, as the boys call themselves, didn't really start out on a shoestring. When the Yanks first arrived, cattle were roaming the island in considerable numbers, most of them half wild. There were 20 horses on the island, 10 of them suitable for saddle mounts.

Rounding up the cattle for slaughter is no mean feat, and sometimes the ranchers ride 25 to 30 miles to bring in the desired number of animals and start them to the killing pen. Their half-wild horses responded to a little broncobusting by Pvt. Charles Spain of Olney, Tex., head cowpuncher of the Bar-X, and now each rider cares for his own mount.

Army cowboys chase a stray steer on a Pacific island with palms and a landing boat in background.

Among the other cowpunchers are Pfcs. Clifton Tuthill of Morrisville, Vt., and George Fountain of Hill City, Kans., and Pvts. Lue Lewis of Cutshin, Ky.; Roy Dunn of Silver Point, Tenn.; Robert Wynn of McDowell, W. Va.; Bob Thompson of Troup, Tex., and Joe Griffin, a former cavalryman who has been in the Regular Army for 16 years.

When the cattle are in the killing pens, S/Sgt. Walter Dawson, former Pawtucket (R. I.) meat carver and head butcher of the Bar-X, goes to work. Assisting him in the slaughtering and carving are Cpl. William Vargo of Elyria, Ohio, and Pvts. Vincent Lombardi of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Lionel Roderick of Waterville, Maine; Verde Abbott of Madison, Maine, Alex Penman of Pittsburgh, Pa.; Joseph P. Charron of Munising, Mich.; Paul Gaiser of Salina, Kans.; Willis Johnson of Coventry, N. Y., and Ray Morrison of Grafton, Mass.

The cattle are inspected by the division veterinarian and Pvt. Byron H. Good, former instructor in animal husbandry at Michigan State College.

—Sgt. ARTHUR BARSCHDORF
YANK Field Correspondent

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A-36 INVADER

This new and powerful fighter-bomber terrorized the enemy in Sicily

Before setting out on their missions, fighter-bomber pilots get instructions from their CO, Col. Stevenson.

By Sgt. PETE PARIS
YANK Staff Correspondent

NORTH AFRICA—One of the many unpleasant surprises that greeted Axis troops in Sicily was the appearance of the new and powerful A-36 fighter-bomber, nicknamed the Invader. Its work over Sicily was a vital factor in the swift advance of the Allied troops.

American flyers taking the A-36 into action for the first time raised hell with enemy supply lines in low-level attack, both bombing and strafing. They soon earned for their plane a reputation such as the Stuka had in the early days of the war. The A-36 has become the plane most feared by ground troops.

Built by North American Aviation, this ship is a dive-bomber version of that company's P-51 Mustang fighter. The A-36 can climb at the rate of nearly half a mile a minute, with a ceiling of 30,000 feet. Powered by a 12-cylinder Allison engine, it has a flying speed in excess of 400 miles an hour. Its normal diving speed, with the four hydraulic dive brakes extended, is 450 miles an hour.

Ranging far behind the enemy lines, the Invaders have smashed truck convoys, bridges, lines of communication, power lines and radio stations. After they have dropped their bombs from the racks in both wings, they become low-altitude fighter planes. An A-36 pilot is protected by armor plate and has six .50-caliber machine guns—two synchronized to fire through the three-bladed propeller and two in each wing.

At dawn the planes streak out over the Mediterranean from this hot dusty airdrome deep in the Tunisian hills. At dusk they return with new stories of Axis trucks blown up and Axis supply lines cut.

Here are brief summaries of a day's work given by some of the pilots. The first is the story of Capt. Roger Miller of Salem, Oreg.:

"We ran into several columns of troop trucks, carrying 20 or 25 men apiece. They were probably German and put up a lot of flak, which was very accurate. I didn't think we'd get through, but we did. After that, we saw a train carrying tanks on flat cars. It was in a railroad gorge near Aeia. We made three passes to get in to strafe them, then had a hell of a time getting out. It was one long pull and no picnic. Then we came back to strafe a column of trucks.

"A little farther up we ran into another locomotive pulling flat cars loaded with tanks. We shot up the tanks and blew up the locomotive. It was really a sight to see. The locomotive just went up in steam. About two miles farther we found another locomotive with six tanks and guns all around it. I saw the engineer get out in a hurry. We got that one, too."

Lt. J. B. Walton Jr. of Shreveport, La., followed Capt. Miller into action. "We started after a convoy of 50 or 75 trucks," Walton said. "The captain went after the trucks ahead and I took those on the right. One truck started to turn back off the road and got caught in a gully, and I got him just as he toppled over.

Lt. J. B. Walton Jr.

Capt. Roger Miller

A ground crew loads 500-pound bomb on an A-36.

"Then I swung over to the side of the mountain we were passing. There were two trucks carrying about 30 men each. The men started running, and I got both trucks. Then I went over a hill and got three more—all big trucks hauling men. Got them clean: I could see my tracers kicking up the dust around them. Then our flight ran into a locomotive, and I saw it go up in steam. There was some ack-ack around this and I could see men standing around a gun. I was over to the right, and they didn't see me. I shot all the men on the gun and damaged the gun."

Flight Officer R. T. Carter of Birmingham, Ala., gave this report:

"I saw several convoys of trucks split up and park in the shade of trees. I went over them three times and strafed. They had heavy ammo, maybe 88-mm stuff, which began to pop all over, but I got at least 10 trucks and damaged

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at least 10 more. Toward Prizzi I saw a Macchi jump our flight leader, who shot him down.

"But something must have hit his own plane because he bailed out right after the Macchi crashed. His parachute split when it opened and we all thought he was gone for sure. He came down between a building and a church, and we lost sight of him and figured he was gone. Then all of a sudden we saw him come running out from behind the building.

"He was running toward an Italian truck that was standing there. Some Italians started after him, but we came down and gave them a few bursts. We couldn't see whether he got away or not, but he probably did. This isn't the first time he's done something like this. He'll probably come walking into the mess in a couple of days."

Come Home Wearing a Crutch And Get a Welcome Like Sgt. York

SOMEWHERE IN THE CARIBBEAN—Returning heroes are traditionally modest fellows. When the mayor, a brass band and half the population of their home town turn out to welcome their return from the wars, they are supposed to blush and stammer. Nobody expects them to admit their heroism.

That's why Pfc. Ora G. McClain had such a tough time of it when he returned to the States a couple of months ago, following a knee operation that had no more to do with combat operations than a game of parchesi. On the train bound for his home in Greenville, Ohio, he found himself the center of attention.

The combination of the crutches and his red-white-and-blue American Theater ribbon were too much for the other passengers, who promptly began picturing McClain flat on his stomach in the jungles of Guadalcanal, with a knife in his teeth and a bullet in his leg, coolly facing a ruthless enemy.

"But I tell you I wasn't in action," McClain spluttered. "I haven't been within 5,000 miles of an enemy bullet. The reason I'm on crutches is that I had an operation on my knee. It was a busted cartilage."

"A cartridge, a cartridge! You hear that, folks?" cried an excited man with a bald head. "He was hit in the knee by a cartridge."

"No, no," said the embarrassed McClain. "It was a cartilage—something like a bone, only softer. It started to float around and give me trouble so the medics cut my knee open so I could have it dug out."

"It happened in a dugout," somebody told the passenger in back of him. "Must have been a shell fragment. Got one in the elbow myself at Chateau Thierry."

That's the way it went till they reached St. Louis, when a marine boarded the train and sat down next to McClain. The leatherneck was carrying a Japanese rifle and helmet, but everyone soon became convinced that the trophies actually belonged to McClain.

In the crowded Union station at St. Louis, police and railroad guards cleared a path for the Air Force soldier to hobble through. Shouts of "God bless you, son," and "We'll blow those monkey-faced Japs to bits!" greeted him on every side.

By this time McClain quit trying not to be a hero. If backslapping was inevitable, he reasoned, relax and enjoy it. So he bowed, smiled and waved in all directions.

Back home in Greenville he found at last one person who believed him—his wife Patricia. But of course, she thinks he's a hero anyway.

—YANK Field Correspondent

The Good Earth

PANAMA—There's a little piece of ground here that T/Sgt. David Green of the Bronx, N. Y., will always consider as hallowed.

He wrote to his girl friend, Miss Florence Barrasch, to send him some of Uncle Sam's good solid Bronx earth to stand on, and she obliged by sending a chunk of Pelham Bay Park.

Green spread the soil out under his feet and reverently stood in the same spot for 15 minutes. He has invoked squatter's rights for the duration.

—YANK Staff Correspondent

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Head Hunters Drop War Drums For Boogie Woogie as GI Band Jumps

SOMEWHERE IN INDIA—A Negro Engineers' orchestra has brought boogie woogie to the Naga head hunters at a U. S. Army outpost in India.

The Nagas, who used to collect heads but don't any more, live on the India-Burma border and work as guides and burden bearers for the Engineers. Their only music, before the Engineers came, was the rhythm of war drums, but they take to jive like natural-born hepcats.

The swing missionaries are known as "Pops Hollowell and His V-Boys," and they are a 15-piece outfit directed by W/O Harry H. Hollowell of Leavenworth, Kans. All of the personnel double in a 30-piece regimental band, providing the only U. S. military music in all India. Besides the bands, Hollowell has a 20-man glee club and a 12-man choir, and he tops off his activities by playing the portable organ at religious services on Sunday.

A canvas-topped bandstand has been built in the jungle where the band plays for its regiment, and where it rehearses numbers later played all over this part of India. At another station, a white soldier from Trenton, N. J., said of the V-Boys: "They are our life line to the States. When they start playing 'Star Dust' or some other good U. S. tune out here in the jungle, it almost seems I'm back at the Condado Grill dancing with my girl."

Band of Negro GIs in India calls itself the "V-Boys."

Only five members of the orchestra and choral groups had any previous musical education. Hollowell taught his men to read notes, play instruments and sing. He had solid professional help, however, from Pfc. Charley Freeman, saxophonist of Chicago, Ill.; from T/Sgt. Ike Jones of Columbus, Ga., who played in Army bands for 14 years; from S/Sgt. Walter Murphy, also of Columbus, who played clarinet in an Infantry band at Fort Benning; from Cpl. John B. Reddin of Newark, N. J., a dance-band trombonist; and from Pfc. Manlest Wray of Bessemer, N. C., who beats out a xylophone because the band has no piano.

The band is proud of its cosmopolitan audience. The V-Boys have attracted to their concerts British and Chinese troops, turbaned Moslem soldiers, Gandhi-garbed Hindus, U. S. soldiers and the Naga head hunters.

"Even Carnegie Hall couldn't top that," Sgt. Jones modestly admits.

—Sgt. ED CUNNINGHAM
YANK Staff Correspondent

This Panama Town Won't Forget The Master Sergeant From Louisiana

JAQUE, PANAMA—To the local Spanish and Indian natives, M/Sgt. Carl B. Myers of Shreveport, La., is a fabulous hero whose name and fame will be handed down from generation to generation.

Myers saved six native children and their parents from death in a fire that leveled their wood and grass-thatched home several months ago. Dashing inside the flaming shack, he hoisted one child under each arm and took them to safety. Returning, he picked up two more and handed them to a native outside. A third time he entered the burning dwelling and brought out the remaining two children, spraining an ankle as he tried to avoid falling embers.

By now all the people of the village were gathered around the house, but the parents seemed lost. They were trapped in a rear room, with the only exit engulfed in flames. Myers, aided by several natives, tore down the back wall of the hut just in time to save the parents. Then he organized a bucket brigade to prevent the fire from spreading to other buildings.

A delegation, headed by the village *corregidor* (mayor), visited Myers at his camp the following day to thank him for his heroism. When the sergeant was transferred to another Panama base recently, local officials held a farewell party in his honor and awarded Myers an official document listing his achievements and expressing the regrets of the village at his departure. The whole population turned out the next morning to see him off on his plane.

—Sgt. ROBERT RYAN
YANK Staff Correspondent

Eight Flying Shietzelt Boys Busy In Africa and Pacific War Theaters

SOMEWHERE IN BRAZIL—Pvt. Bob Shietzelt of Los Angeles is one of eight brothers doing their share for the flying forces of Uncle Sam. Seven of the Shietzelt boys are in the Army Air Forces, while the eighth is a civilian pilot who ferries fighting ships from Lockheed to the fighting fronts.

Bob was a radio operator on a B-17 when his ship was lost on a flight from Dakar, after it had toured the African northern sector from Casablanca to Cairo. That crack-up split the bomber's crew, the three officers leaving for the States to get a new ship, and the five noncoms (including Bob, two gunners and two engineers) moving on to this base in Brazil to await their officers' return.

Bob is temporarily employed in the Transportation Division at this base, but he and the four other noncoms, all of whom lost their stripes when they lost their ship, have signed up for the Paratroops. They tired of waiting more than two months for a new ship or the return of the officers.

For Pvt. Shietzelt the two outstanding events of his stay in Africa were when he ran into two of his brothers, one in Casablanca and the other at Cairo. Bob hadn't seen either of them since right after Pearl Harbor.

Four other brothers are somewhere in the Pacific with the AAF. Three of them wanted ad-

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On sixth anniversary of Sino-Japanese war, citizens of a Chinese province give two steers and 300 bottles of "jingbao (air raid) juice" to the Fourteenth U. S. Air Force.

venture long before the present war and signed up in 1937 to fly with the Chinese Air Force, which even then was at war with the Nips. All three returned when the U. S. entered the war, and today they are officers.

The eighth Shietzelt brother, of whom Bob is proudest, has been flying "ever since he could walk." He began as a stunt flyer in the movies, appearing in "Hell's Angels" and "Dawn Patrol." Later he joined Lockheed as a test pilot.

—Pfc. NAT G. BODIAN
YANK Field Correspondent

Everybody Fall Out—We Gotta Rescue the Jungle Rescue Team

PARAMARIBO, SURINAM — They're considering the formation of a Second Jungle Rescue Team at an Army post here, whose sole mission will be to rescue the Jungle Rescue Team.

The JRT—Lt. Jim Murphey of Tennessee, Cpl. Leo Bandini of Elizabeth, Pa., and Pfc. Patrick J. Clarke of Scranton, Pa.—plunged into the jungles of this Dutch colony in South America recently. They were taking a conditioning and reconnaissance hike to practice rescue tactics—and promptly got lost.

Rescue patrols from camp scoured the jungles for miles around and finally found the three men after a 12-hour search. Rescuers reported they discovered Murphey and his men sound asleep, amid the glare of flares and the din of pistol shots and shouting soldiers.

—Pvt. BERNARD FREEMAN
YANK Field Correspondent

In Next Week's YANK . . .

PSYCHOLOGY FOR THE FIGHTING MAN

Selections from the Infantry Journal's excellent book about the modern soldier and the mental and physical problems of Army life.

Sgt. Goodwin Lands in Africa Wearing Only His Striped Pajamas

NORTH AFRICA—Sgt. Eddie Goodwin arrived here recently wearing a pair of striped pajamas and nothing more. Eddie was in a hospital in England awaiting an operation when latrine rumors reported that his bomber group was leaving at once for Africa.

He promptly scrammed out of the hospital, clad only in the pajamas, and managed to thumb a ride to the airport. All but one of the bombers of his group had left, and this ship was warming up at the end of the runway, just ready to take off. There was no time to lose.

Grabbing a pair of coveralls, Eddie rushed to the plane. The bomb door opened and eager hands pulled him aboard just as the plane started rolling. Officers called it "irregular conduct," but didn't protest too much. Eddie just wanted to do some fighting, and he's doing it, too. He's flown on several bombing missions already and says, incidentally, that he never felt better in his life.

—*Stars and Stripes*, North Africa

The Germans Touched His Heart But Didn't Make Him Sympathetic

NORTH AFRICA—S/Sgt. Albert Michael of Ashland, Ohio, is still alive and kicking, but he has plain luck and nothing else to thank.

Michael was left for dead on a Medjez el Bab battlefield in the African campaign, after his platoon was ambushed by German tanks. Picked up later and sent to a rear hospital for treatment of his wounds, Michael confounded doctors by complaining of stabbing pains over his heart.

Col. Paul Wood, a London heart specialist, examined Michael under the X-ray and stared in amazement at the picture: the sergeant was living and breathing with a bullet in his heart. The missile had entered Michael's shoulder and been deflected by a bone.

"He should have been killed instantly," Col. Wood said. "A man has a 5,000,000-to-1 chance of surviving such a wound." Strangely enough, this same surgeon treated the only known case of the same sort on record in the first World War.

Col. Wood decided that to remove the bullet would be fatal, so Michael will go through life carrying a Nazi bullet beneath his shirt.

—*Stars and Stripes*, North Africa

Both look murderous to the man on the ground but the bayonet at right is an improvement on the other. It's the new M1, 10 inches long instead of 15½, lighter, easier to carry, much more useful as a trench knife, and stronger.

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The Phantom Platoon

When Roger Britt, the meek OCS Student, called these men to attention, all the generals and colonels in the Army were not able to make them stand at ease.

By O/C RAY DUNCAN
Camp Davis, N. C.

OFFICER Candidate School often does strange things to the minds of men. But so far as I know Officer Candidate Roger Britt is the only man whose mind did strange things to Officer Candidate School.

"You are weak in voice and command. You will practice," ordered Britt's platoon commander, using that simple future tense that officer candidates hear so often. "You will practice," repeated the lieutenant, addressing his remarks to Roger's belt buckle.

Roger's jaw flexed perceptibly. His eyes flashed behind his glasses. Roger Britt was a very determined young man.

"You will go out on the drill ramp at night and call commands. You will pretend you are drilling a platoon of men. This practice will be of value only if you clearly visualize men marching at your command. Get used to the sound of your own voice. Make it crack like a pistol shot!"

"Question, sir," said Roger Britt. "When will I have time to practice? Classes end at 9:45 and bed check is at 10. That 15 minutes is the only time I have to polish my shoes and brass, help scrub the barracks, clean my rifle, shave, shower and—well, everything like that."

"Work that out for yourself. That will be all."

"PLATOON," bawled Roger Britt that night, "tench-hut!"

His voice echoed back from the motor-pool sheds that bordered the drill ramp.

"Faw-wud," yelled Roger Britt, "hotch!"

He stepped off smartly with his imaginary men, his mouth set in a firm straight line. He wheeled about to watch them pivot on a column right.

At four minutes to bed check Britt ran back to the barracks and fell in bed. But he couldn't sleep. Commands kept running through his head. Marching men seemed to be tramping through the barracks and executing his orders between the rows of beds. Such a precision platoon Britt had never seen. It reminded him of movies he had seen of the Coldstream Guards, changing the guard before Buckingham Palace. And Britt felt strangely keyed up, exhilarated.

As the column responded to his commands and headed for the door, Britt rose from his bed in fascination. The column proceeded out the door into the company street. Quickly Britt dressed, caught up with the men, halted them once more before the motor-pool sheds and put them at ease while he tied his shoelaces.

Then once more Britt's voice, like a pistol shot now, echoed on the dark deserted ramp.

"Fall in!" Roger felt better than he had in the four weeks he had been at OCS—four weeks of hard physical labor, rigid inspections, accelerated studies, impossibly multiplied duties and constant heckling over trifles.

"Dress it up!" bawled Britt. "Cover down! All together now. Cut out that talking in ranks!" He felt wonderful. Wonderful.

Britt heard the measured tread of feet, then the little sluf, sluf, sluf, as the men half-stepped out of the pivot on a column movement. Suddenly there they were, in platoon-column formation, coming at him. Like a good officer candidate, Roger's reaction was immediate and instinctive.

"To the rear, hotch!" But now his voice quavered and was not at all like a pistol shot.

The men, tall and grim, their faces set, wheeled about. Roger wet his lips.

"Right oblique, hotch!" They performed it with perfect precision.

Roger nervously moved in closer, barking commands rapidly. He was sweating all over.

"Hey, you!" An MP corporal appeared suddenly from behind one of the sheds.

Britt felt suddenly sick at his stomach, and faint.

"What's the idea drilling out here this hour of the morning?" Officer Candidate Roger Britt was too weak to answer.

"What outfit is this?"

"Beats me," mumbled Britt. "Beats me all to hell, corporal." He twisted around and fell on his face to the pavement.

The MP called his buddy, who was parked in a jeep nearby. They loaded Britt in the jeep, and it headed for the hospital. Then the MP turned to Britt's men, who had been standing at rigid attention all the time.

"What outfit you guys from?" He spoke to the right guide, a tall gaunt man with deep-set eyes.

"That," came the answer, "you will have to discuss with our commander." And he nodded his head slightly toward Roger's form in the departing jeep. Something in the man's manner, in the manner of all the men standing on the deserted ramp, moved the MP to abandon his questioning. Hurriedly he reported to the provost marshal's office.

"They won't answer any questions," he told the provost. "They keep referring me to their commander. And he's Britt—a candidate! My God, sir, it don't make sense. How can he have his own platoon when he's only a candidate?"

"Never heard of such a thing," sputtered the

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major. "A whole platoon of men and no record?"

The post adjutant hurried over to the ramp but got no satisfaction from the men. They stood at rigid attention despite his commands. As if they were the best trained troops in the world, the grim-faced men would take orders only from their own commander. Even the CO, a full colonel, was rebuffed. He arrived on the double but got no response from the ranks of rigid men.

For the next few days the MPs had a tough job. They had orders to keep everyone from seeing the strange platoon which still stood at attention in the ramp area. At the hospital, the doctors had orders to do all they could for Britt —to get him on his feet as fast as possible.

Meanwhile the wires to AG Washington burned with queries concerning Roger Britt's platoon. No record existed of its induction, assignment or personnel. The neat filing cabinets in the Pentagon Building showed only a break in serial numbers for each dog tag of the platoon. No supply sergeant had outfitted it. No mess sergeant had fed it. Transportation had never moved it. Finance Department had never paid it. But there it was, at rigid attention.

And while the medical officers labored over Roger Britt, the phenomenon grew more and more embarrassing to the CO. The traffic pattern over the camp's small airfield was cluttered with special planes bringing generals to investigate. Each star-clustered authority faced the rigid platoon and shouted in the best West Point manner, "Plah-toon 'smissed." But the platoon remained at attention, awaiting its commander, Roger Britt.

Roger finally came to a little after midnight of the fourth day, responding to the personal administrations of a two-star general from the surgeon general's office in Washington. By that time the commanding general of the service command had arrived in a 12-cylinder Packard with three aides.

"How is he?" the CG asked the two-star surgeon.

"He appears to be perfectly normal, sir," the surgeon said.

"Bring him to the ramp on the double."

When Roger Britt arrived in a jeep driven by the CO himself, he saw his platoon, standing as he had left it. Not a muscle moving; not an eye oblique; brass and leather shining in the bright spotlights that had been turned on the scene from the motor pool. And Roger Britt also saw, standing to one side like a field command, the generals and colonels and majors from the Pentagon Building and from his own camp, their eyes focused upon him.

Roger Britt descended from the jeep, a little dazed. But like the good officer candidate that he was, he straightened his shoulders, threw out his chest and inhaled deeply.

"At ease," he shouted. His voice was like a pistol shot again.

As for the men, a great sigh seemed to come from them as their commander ordered them to relax. But their grim faces did not relax.

"Tell them to fall out," the CG said.

Candidate Britt gave the order.

LATER the CG, the CO and the generals and colonels from Washington were sorry they had not asked Britt to question his men before they fell out. For with the order they had drifted away in twos and threes, and once they were out of sight they could not be found again.

Thus when the adjutant asked the CG, the CO and the generals and colonels from Washington a question, all concerned were greatly embarrassed. How was the adjutant to carry Roger Britt's platoon in his report? The CG told the adjutant to use his own best judgment.

The adjutant sat for a long time in the darkness of his own office wondering what to do. Once he thought he had the solution, but then he decided not. He couldn't report them AWOL; he didn't know where they were AWOL from.

Finally he decided not to mention them at all. Experience had long ago proved that anything you can't explain will sooner or later become embarrassing. And the major, with the subtlety of many Army years, was sure that neither the CO nor the CG nor the generals and colonels from Washington would bring up the subject again.

He did fill out one official paper, however. Camp Grozky, out in Idaho, had requested a drill sergeant for inductees. Roger Britt, the major concluded, was just the man.

What's Your Problem?

DEAR YANK:
Last month I fell in love with a Canadian girl who was traveling in the States. I have intentions of making her my wife but first would like to know if she is eligible to receive a Class A family allowance. Will the Government pay if we are married in Canada and my wife continues to live there after the wedding?

Camp Pickett, Va. —Pfc. JOSEPH ANDREWS

■ You can marry your Canadian sweetheart, and she will be eligible for the family allowance of $50 a month, of which $22 comes out of your pay. It doesn't make any difference if the wedding takes place in Canada or if she lives in Canada after you're married—she'll still get the money.

DEAR YANK:
Deduction of $22 a month for my wife's allowance have been made from my pay since February. But my wife did not receive a check until March. What happened to the $22 deducted from my pay in February? Why didn't my wife get a check?

AP Hill, Va. —Cpl. EDWARD E. CHAPMAN

■ The soldier's contribution is always taken out of his pay during the month before the check is mailed to the dependent. If you're still worried about the $22 which you think you're missing, think of it this way: Your wife will get a check the month following your last Army pay day; i.e., after you're discharged.

DEAR YANK:
How long to I have to be overseas before I start getting that 20 percent increase in pay?

Seymour Johnson Field, N. C. —Pvt. LLOYD SULLIVAN

■ It starts from the time you leave the States. Time spent in transit to an overseas post counts in the computation of pay.

DEAR YANK:
I enlisted in the WAAC in April and had a misunderstanding with my husband who is in the Army. I would like to know if he can stop my allotment.

Camp McCoy, Wis. —MARGARET W. BOTHYL

■ If you mean family allowance when you say "allotment," then your husband cannot stop it as long as you are his legal wife. If you mean a Class E allotment-of-pay, then he can stop it any time he wishes.

DEAR YANK:
If I'm killed in action will my dependents receive any death benefits aside from insurance or pension?

New Guinea —Cpl. WOODROW J. HANSEN

■ Yes, your dependents (widow, child or dependent-relation) will get an amount equal to six months of the base pay you were receiving at the time of your death, provided, of course, your death is not the result of your own misconduct.

DEAR YANK:
I noticed the Sad Sack was wearing a wound stripe in a June issue of YANK. I have been told that wound and service stripes have not been authorized for the present war. Who's right, me or the Sad Sack?

Camp McCoy, Wis. —Pvt. ALEX BARANOWSKI

■ You're right. Our only excuse is that the Sad Sack wouldn't know any better. If you're wounded in the present war the only thing you can wear is a bandage. Service stripes haven't been authorized either. According to WD Circular 391, December 1942: "Wound and service chevrons have not been authorized for the current war, but those individuals entitled to wear them for service in the first World War may continue to do so." For the information of World War I veterans: the wound stripe is worn on the right sleeve of the blouse for a wound received in battle. The service stripe is worn on the left sleeve for each six months of foreign service during war. Both are gold chevrons.

This is to prove that the girls in Cairo have learned to swing it.

If Cleopatra Was Still There, She'd Like GI Jive

CAIRO—It all started at the Red Cross Friday Night Dance, probably the first place the little ladies of Egypt ever saw American swing in action. At first they were puzzled when the band started to jump and give out with some boogie woogie. They wrinkled up their pretty little noses and just didn't seem to understand.

"That was the trouble," commented T/Sgt. William Bell of Flint, Mich. "Nobody ever taught the girls around here what real swing is. I knew right then we had a big job on our hands."

Slowly and patiently rug-cutter Bell went to work, aided by other pre-war cats. Pvt. Johnny Ford of Boston, Mass., was there. Pvt. Danny Carabello of Brooklyn, erstwhile devotee of the Harlem hot spots and an authority on solid jive, lent a hand.

Months rolled by. Cpl. James Hinder of Frankfort, Ky., and Sgt. Allan Morse of Madison, Wis., joined in the campaign. Along Egypt's Great White Way, orchestra leaders who considered the waltz the last word in dancing began to worry as requests poured in for jive rhythms.

And finally the girls caught on. It's a common sight now to see an exotic little beauty, with her hair hanging in her eyes and her feet beating time, inviting a soldier to "Come on, Jackson, give out with the jive!" As the sun goes down and the moon rises, the sound of stomping feet travels toward the Pyramids. And from the cold, immutable Sphinx there comes a sigh of resignation, as if the old lady had decided that, after all, it would be better to get off her haunches and do a shuffle in the sand.

—Sgt. AL KLINE
YANK Field Correspondent

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The Swagger Stick that SWISHES

Horses have flywhisks, why not colonels?

By Sgt. MARION HARGROVE
YANK Staff Correspondent

SOMEWHERE EAST OF SUEZ—The poor commissioned fish back in the States, with his shiny gold bar moved to an inconspicuous spot on his collar and with nothing for swank but a puny swagger stick, will meet a new and better world when he goes to face destiny in the insect reservations of the East. Here he can wear a pair of dashing cowboy boots. Here he can wear a bush jacket that is strictly Hollywood. Here he can find a super swagger stick with a tail on the end—a thing called a flywhisk—that dances and prances of itself.

With his high-topped boots, his go-to-hell shirt and his tasseled swagger stick, the newest shavetail from the Fork Union Class of '43 or the least glamorous Sears-Roebuck major can transform himself from dull coccoon to brilliant butterfly. He can cut a figure that would make the boys back at the 21 Club gawp with admiration, grimace with envy and leave their cocktails to grow warm and flat.

It is a lovely thing, this flywhisk. From 18 inches of wood or bamboo, and the simple and unassuming tail of horse or cow, military science has fashioned a weapon both practical and chic.

It would be unfair and untrue to say that the flywhisk is merely a matter of style, of grace, of military bearing. It is a formidable weapon, useful to the same degree and for the same purpose as the humble cow's tail from which it sprung. It is a double-purpose weapon. When you swish it sharply to punctuate a particularly poignant piece of palaver, you seriously annoy and discourage the flies that have gathered about you. This latter purpose is the real, true, practical value of the flywhisk.

In pre-war days it was well known in civil life. When the dainty ladies of Cairo and Delhi and Shanghai went for their morning pony ride, to settle their dainty breakfasts and jiggle their dainty buttocks before the appreciatively gaping crowd, they swatted daintily at the flies on their ponies and rapped daintily upon their dainty thighs with them. In humbler homes, a brightly colored flywhisk hung in a place of honor by the mantel and was used by loving mothers to beat the flies off their little children, who seemed to have a talent for drawing flies.

But the flywhisk came into its own only when it was issued to Tommy Atkins, chiefly to make him keep his hands out of his pockets. From the Tommy and his officers it went to the more glamorous American officers, who saw in it a means toward making themselves even more glamorous American officers.

From observation it would seem there are certain correct sizes for the flywhisk and its user. Usually the tall and massive major uses a small whisk, modest and restrained, to emphasize his manly bulk. The undersized captain carries a large and imposing whisk with a tail that is bushy and impressive.

The flywhisk is infinitely more useful than the simple, unadorned swagger stick of 90 Church Street and the Pentagon Building. An officer describing a magnificent piece of personal heroism finds his powers of speech only vaguely and weakly augmented when he makes a broad sweep of his arm with the swagger stick. Describing the same military miracle and making the same broad sweep with a lavishly betailed flywhisk, he produces a picture of streamlined power moving with speed and majesty through a larger slice of air. And, instead of the swagger stick's helpless silence, the whisk produces a sibilant swish.

And when he exasperatedly shouts, "Goddam it, Jenkins, I said orange squash, not lemon barley!" he can smite his thigh, not with the ineffectual tap of a mere stick, but with the infinitely more powerful swish of a horse's tail.

Aye, bravely wave them on, these plain blunt warriors with their dashing flywhisks. Welcome them home when the war is done, and see what effect their whisks will have on society, on office discipline, on art and interior decoration. They are our ambassadors behind the rear lines, carrying the American tradition of adaptability throughout the world, and they shall bring back to their homeland the Orient's mystic beauties.

They will, that is, if they don't put their own eyes out with a careless wave of the swagger stick that swishes.

A tall major uses a small whisk; the undersized captain carries a large and imposing one.

The boys back at the 21 Club will break their swagger sticks in despair.

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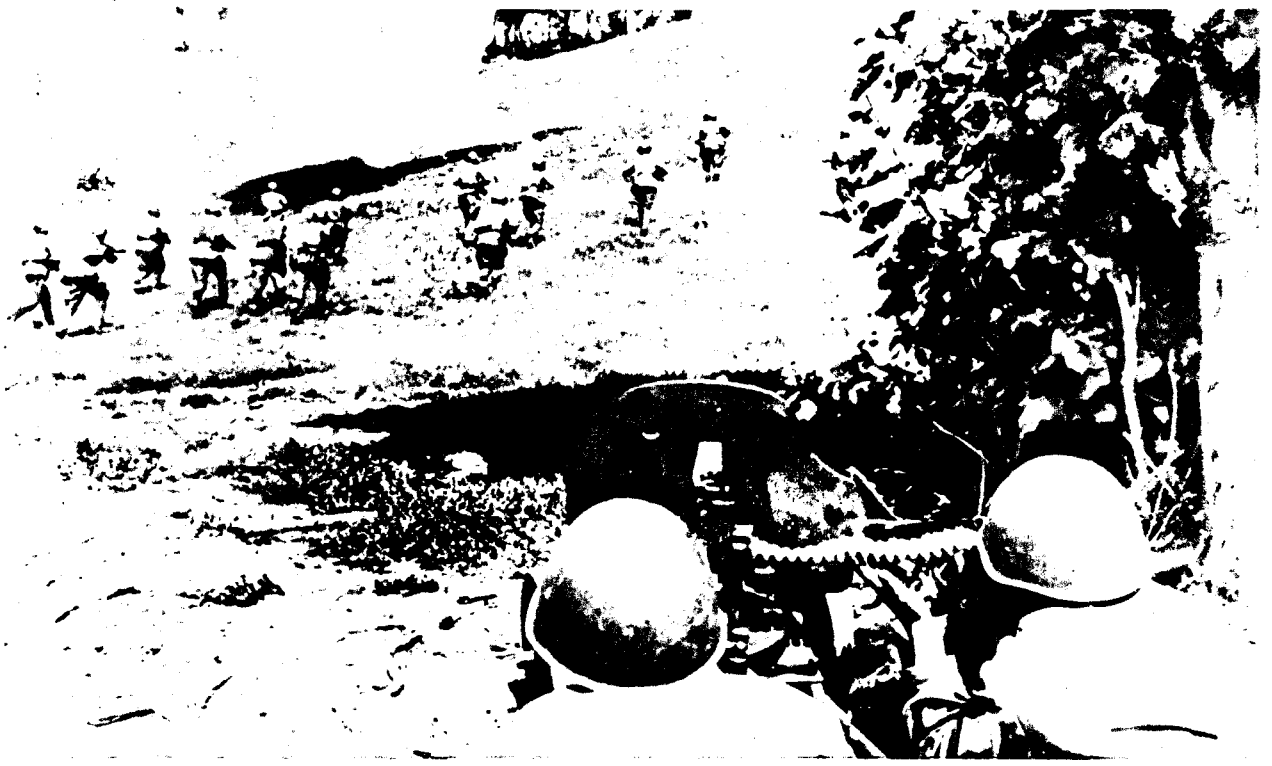

Russia Turns the Tide

BATTLE OF OREL RUINED HITLER'S LAST HOPE OF AN OFFENSIVE

IN a stirring order of the day to the Red Army, Marshal Joseph Stalin on Aug. 5 called upon the Russian troops to annihilate the already retreating Nazis. The moment was historic, for it marked the passing of perhaps the most crucial period in this second World War. The 1943 German offensive had collapsed completely. Orel and Belgorod, vital German positions on the central front, were in Russian hands, and broken Nazi units were retiring in defeat from one of the bloodiest battlefields in history.

In the 30 days from July 5 to Aug. 5 the two largest armies the world has ever known fought a great campaign on the longest battle line the world has ever known. On July 5, while the whole 1,800-mile Russian front was furiously ablaze, the 165-mile Orel-Kursk sector in the center had burst into an even crueler inferno. On Aug. 5, at record cost in lives and material, it had become the graveyard of Hitler's last hopes for victory.

Although the Red Army may be unable to press the Germans far westward—until winter comes to plague the Nazis—this latest turn of events probably means that Germany will be unable now to wage anything but a defensive war. In many respects Hitler's Orel defeat is the most important Allied victory in the war.

The Russian-German war record reveals the greatness of the latest Red Army victory. The first German offensive in Russia started June 22, 1941. With a blitzkrieg refined to a point of brilliant perfection, the Nazis in 5 months seized 600,000 square miles of Soviet territory, or an area more than 76 times the size of New Jersey. It was proof—almost—of German invincibility. Nevertheless the Russians, far less prepared for the Germans then than they are now, regained 100,000 of those square miles during their determined, heroic winter drive in 1942.

The Nazis' second summer offensive began June 11, 1942, and gained only 170,000 square miles in 5 months, or considerably less than one-third of their previous conquests in the same length of time. On the other hand the Red Army, again fighting back doggedly with the assistance of that deadly strategist "General Winter," not only recaptured the 170,000 square miles from the retreating Nazis but took another 15,000 square miles from the Germans' 1941 conquests.

For these gains, the Russians had to pay a bitter price. Their first two years in the war cost them the staggering loss of 4,200,000 men killed and missing, 30,000 tanks, 23,000 planes and 35,000 guns.

There came even greater need for Russian heroism on July 5 when the German Army concentrated 38 divisions, 17 of them tank divisions, on the Kursk salient. This 8,000- to 9,000-square-mile Russian "pocket," extending from the main German-Russian line for some 90 miles inside German-held ground, constituted a Russian threat to strong German positions. Hitler was obviously gathering his troops for an all-out effort at this point.

The Germans had held back their third summer offensive for a dangerously long time. It was said that Hitler finally began it mainly to forestall a Russian offensive and because he wanted to cut off the Russian salient pointing inside his front line. In any event, it is reasonable to assume that he intended to go just as far as he could, not excluding a smash to the Caucasus and a final overwhelming drive to break the Red Army. His order to his troops warned that the battle would decide the outcome of the war.

Tremendous forces were poised for the battle. Out of a total of 480 to 500 Russian and German divisions on the 1,800-mile front, some 75 to 90 divisions were ready to strike at the central front. (In Sicily, Allied and Axis divisions together totaled a maximum of only 22 divisions, including separate battalion strengths.)

Map of the Orel-Kursk Sector.

This, in brief outline, is what happened:

On July 5, the Germans, totaling more than 450,000 troops on the Orel-Kursk sector alone, shelled and bombed defending Russians with a savagery that both sides admitted "exceeded anything in previous campaigns in this war." Thousands of 60-ton German tanks quickly engaged 50-ton Klim Voroshilovs and—for the first time in large numbers—American tanks under Russian crews. Lines, trenches and even towns and villages changed hands many times in one day. The Germans pushed hard in the opening days, making gains against slowly retreating Russians at Belgorod in the Kursk sector.

Soon, the Soviets admitted, the Germans made "deep penetrations" in the Russian line, but only at the cost of the "most staggering losses in German history," according to the Russians. The Soviets tallied the 3-day loss of the Germans at 30,000 soldiers killed, 1,539 tanks destroyed or damaged and 649 planes downed. If they were only one-fourth true, these losses were indeed the greatest in German history. In one of the worst defeats in the first World War, the Germans lost 56,639 men killed in a little more than 5 weeks, or an average of some 4,600 in 3 days.

The German gains were earned the hard way—inch by bloody inch. In many respects the fighting was similar to the destructive trench warfare of the first World War. One German artillery unit fired more shells in 2 days than it had fired in the entire Polish and French campaigns combined. At the end of 6 days of the bitterest fighting, enemy estimates put the Russian losses at 1,227 tanks and 1,100 planes and German losses at 2,348 tanks and almost 1,000 planes. Yet German production of combat planes is not much more than that—1,200 to 1,500—a *month*.

By July 12 the Red Army was finally grinding the German offensive at Belgorod to a stop. The Germans could move forward no more. Suddenly the Red Army thundered back against their enemy. East and north of Orel, pivotal point of German central-front defenses, the Soviet troops were instructed by their commanders to fake an offensive. In the meantime, the Russian forces at the Kursk salient, just south of Orel, launched a powerful counteroffensive against the German Belgorod drive, to prevent any further German advances. The feint, however, surprisingly sent the Germans at Orel reeling westward. The Russian High Command, quickly seizing the advantage, skillfully substituted an all-out offensive for the Orel feint while waging a holding action, instead of a counteroffensive, on the Kursk sector.

Regaining the initiative, the Russians smashed hard at the Nazis, giving no quarter. They launched as many as 17 counterattacks on a single sector in one 24-hour period. By the fifth day of their counteroffensive they were within 15 miles of Orel and pressing in on the key German city from three sides. Under conditions of heavy rain, with wet grain fields hampering Nazi tank movements and with snipers shooting from treetops, the salient became a death trap for the Germans. The Russians, ignoring the weather as Germans apparently cannot, intensified the already furious fighting along much of the vast frontier, driving hard against the Germans in the Kuban area, in the Leningrad sector and in the Donets sector, as well as at Orel. On the sixth day of their counteroffensive, Red Army artillery was shelling supply trains between Orel and Bryansk, another vital defense hinge in the German line. Slicing, cutting without let-up, the Russians slashed through German flanks on many sides and even tunneled underground to surprise and storm Nazi trench positions. Simultaneously the Red Army was smashing savagely at Belgorod.

On Aug. 5, exactly one month after the Nazis had opened their third summer offensive, a victorious Red Army captured both Orel and Belgorod, 165 miles apart, seizing from the Nazis their two most important cities on the central front. The third German offensive in Russia had netted the Nazis no gains. Instead it brought them far-reaching losses.

THE victory was an impressive and historic one. At midnight on Aug. 5 Moscow saluted the heroic Red Army units with 12 artillery volleys from 120 guns. The first five divisions to break into Orel and Belgorod will henceforth be known as the 5th Orel Infantry Division, the 129th Orel Infantry Division, the 380th Orel Infantry Division, the 89th Guards Belgorod Division and the 305th Belgorod Infantry Division.

The Orel-Kursk offensive may well go down as one of the costliest battles in history. The Soviet claims that Germany lost, specifically, 4,605 tanks, 2,492 planes and some 120,000 soldiers killed in the 4-week period. Germany claims that Russia lost at least 5,000 tanks and more than 2,500 planes. Russian casualties were probably as heavy as Germany's, perhaps much heavier. Stalin reported that the Red Army had "worn down and bled white" 17 German tank divisions, three motorized divisions and 18 infantry divisions in only 19 days.

The battle is a German defeat of utmost significance. Following two summer offensives which proved the ability of the Germans to strike successfully and offensively against a powerful enemy force, the Orel-Belgorod defeat almost certainly shows that Hitler may never strike offensively again, may be forced from here on in to wage a defensive war. The strong "springboards" for a German offensive in Russia are in Russian hands. The Russians, not the Germans, are in good position now to make heavy attacks. Immediately following the capture of Orel and Belgorod, Soviet drives were begun against Kharkov, the large German-held city southwest of Belgorod. The Russians have no intentions of slowing down.

The German Army is still one of the greatest in history. It has shown enormous recuperative powers, even after such disasters as Stalingrad. It may be that even bloodier battles than Orel and Belgorod will have to be fought before Hitler is finally defeated. But the world now owes Russia two great debts. She was first to grind the mighty Nazi war machine to a stop. Now she is first to send the Germans reeling back on that long road that leads directly to Berlin.

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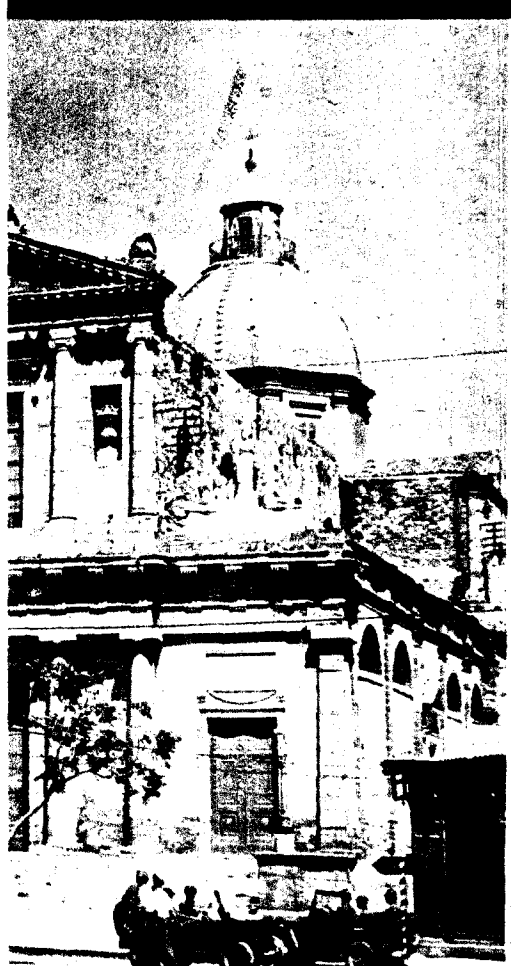
YANKS OF A U.S. ARMORED INFANTRY REGIMENT ADVANCE ON A SNIPERS' HIDE-OUT NEAR CANICATTI.

ONE SOLDIER TRIES OUT WHAT PROBABLY CORRESPONDS TO AN AMERICAN JALOPY.

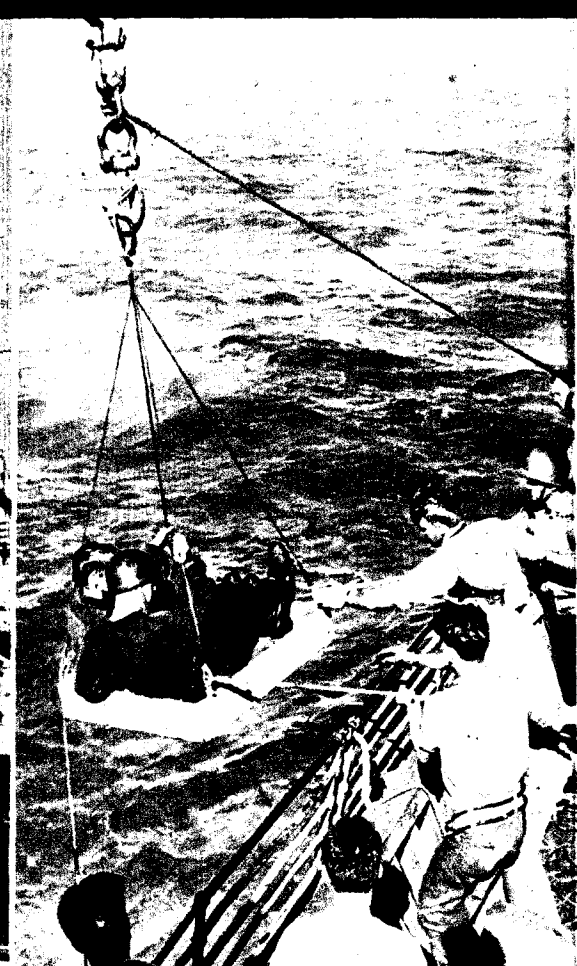
THIS YANK HAS MADE FRIENDS AMONG SOME SICILIANS WHO HAVE BID THE "NEW ORDER" GOOD-BYE.

LT. DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS (LEFT) OF THE NAVY DIRECTS LANDING OPERATIONS.

Slicing Thr



A CATHEDRAL IN AN OCCUPIED TOWN.



WOUNDED ARE MOVED TO COAST GUARD TRANSPORT.

SHELLS FROM GUNS OF THE ALLIED NAVY BLAST AXIS TANKS IN HIDDEN O

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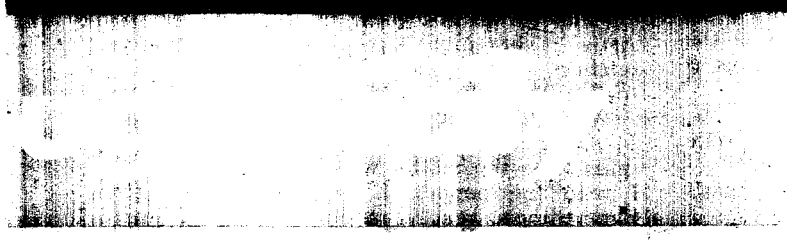
A LONG LINE OF U.S. INFANTRYMEN MOVES DOWN THE SIDE OF A MOUNTAIN TOWARD THE VALLEY STREAM BELOW. THEY WERE TAKING PART IN A SUCCESSFUL ENVELOPING MOVEMENT.



NEAR GELA WHILE U.S. TROOPS IN THE FOREGROUND AWAIT RESULTS.

MANNING A PILL BOX ALONG THE SHORE, THESE YANKS ENJOY "SQUEEZE BOX" AND BANJO MUSIC.

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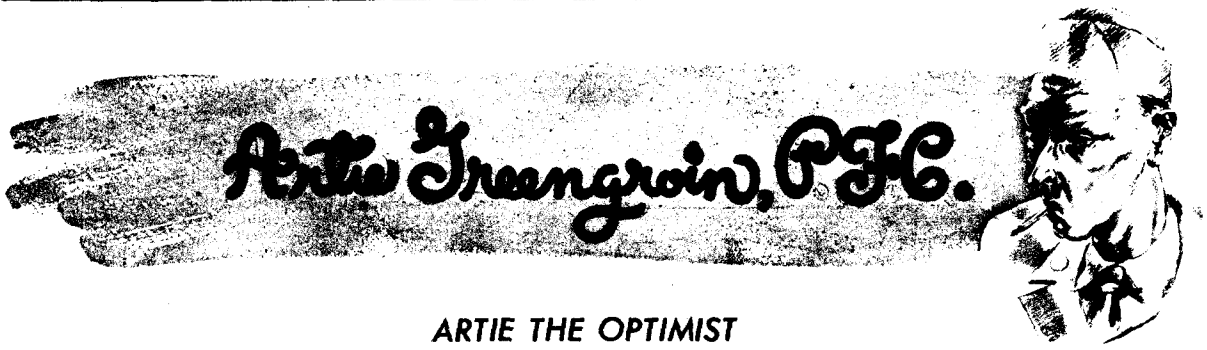

ARTIE THE OPTIMIST

"THE war looks pretty good, don't it?" Artie Greengroin asked us. He had a newspaper in his hand, and what on any other face would have been called a grin. Artie was happy, for the first time in weeks.

"Very good," we said.

"Maybe we'll be out from unner the trucks by Christmas, maybe," said Artie.

"Don't go leaping to conclusions, old boy," we said.

"I ain't leaping to no conclusions," Artie said. "Me diagnosis is based on a careful study of current events. We got the enemy on the run."

"The enemy," we reminded him, "is an artful dodger."

"Aw, I got no patience with defeatists," Artie said, then added simply: "Wars is shooting. You run inter a enemy, you shoot him. In war, it's legal. All I was saying was, we got the enemy on the run."

"All right," we said, "we've got the enemy on the run."

"Lookit them Russians," Artie said. "A wunnerful people. Tough babies. You'd never know it to look at 'em, though. I knowed a Russian named Orloff used to be a bookie. They called him Orloff the Skipper because he was always unbooking himself and taking a powder. A timid little guy, to all appearances, but he's probly got fifty million relations knocking off Germans right now."

"Where's Orloff now?" we asked.

"How the hell do I know where Orloff is?" Artie demanded. "He's probly in the Army, for gaw's sake. Everybody's in the blassid ole Army these days."

We nodded sympathetically.

"But thass water over the bridge," said Artie. "The thing is, we're winning the war. In Africa it was beautiful. I got a letter from a friend of mine down there, name Tyrone Goldburg. He tells me everything's unner control."

"Where's he now?" we asked.

"In Sicily, probly," Artie said, "sweeping the enemy ahead of him. Thass the way things is going down there these days."

"So they say," we said.

"You don't sound very enthusiastic," Artie said. "Wass the matter with you, anyways?"

"Nothing," we said. "We're just careful, that's all."

"They's such a thing as being too careful," Artie said. "Where would Napoleon of been if he'd been too careful? Right behine the eight ball, thass where he would of been."

"That's where he ended up," we said.

"He was getting ole," Artie said. "His wind wasn't so good, jess like a outfielder or a gawdam middleweight. A guy's got to have good wind in this war business. Thass the trouble with that ole bassar, Hitler. Bad wind."

We said that we believed that, all right.

"Out from unner the trucks by Christmas," Artie said, half to himself.

"What about the Japs?" we wanted to know.

"The huh?" Artie asked.

"Japs," we said.

"Oh," said Artie. "Them guys. They's out of me jurisdiction."

"They're not out of the war," we said.

"They ought to be pretty soon," said Artie. "Half of Greenpernt's over there right now. That takes care of the Japs as far as I'm concoined. Them Greenpernt boys believes in quick action."

"The Japs are tough babies," we said.

"You ever seen a good brawl in the Greenpernt pubs?" Artie asked. "If you'd of seen one of them, you'd know the Japs didn't have a chance."

"Big brawls, eh?" we asked.

"Real moiderous ole bassars, believe me," said Artie. "In Greenpernt you got to be a man."

"Fighting conditions in the Pacific Theater are difficult," we said.

"They weren't so hot in Greenpernt, neither," said Artie, which seemed to settle that subject.

"Well," we said, "if that's the way things are, the war does look pretty good."

"Ah, it's beautiful," Artie said. "Awready I'm itching to slip inter a honess-to-gaw clean white shoit and lie on me back in Prospect Park with a cole bottle of beer in me mitt and nothing on me mine but supper or something."

"Sounds lovely," I said.

"Thass what it's going to be, ole cock," said Artie. "Every night I paint a couple of post-war pitchers in me mine. Dreams, thass what me life's full of these days."

"We still think you're being hasty," we said.

"Ah, poop on it," said Artie. "Yer a kill-joy, thass wass the matter with you. I ain't no dope. I read the papers. I know what's going on. Everything's rosy, thass what everything is. Don't you ever read the newspapers?"

"Sure," we said.

"Then you must be a blassid ole bline man," Artie said. "Every day it says in black and white that we're on the upsurge. You know what a upsurge is? That means it's the beginning of the end. I got that right from the mouth of the President of the United States."

"All right," we said, "so it's the beginning of the end."

"SO I got to do me post-war planning," Artie said. "Everybody else is doing it, so I might as well strike while the irons is hot. I'm planning out me life to come."

"Why," we asked. "Are you going to die?"

"Naw, I ain't going to die," Artie said. "I mean me gawdam life affer the war. I'm getting it set."

"Good for you," we said.

"And I regret to say," said Artie, "that you ain't included. I'm wiping me hands of the Army."

"So are we," we said.

"Well, in that case," said Artie, "maybe you can drop around Berklyn some day and split a beer with me. We can talk over ole times in the English Isle. I'll probly be a sentimental ole bassar after the war." He probably will be.

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WORDS ACROSS THE SEA

Quirk Bearman Mancini Ferry Nimmo Cole

Cpl. Charles Quirk of Philadelphia, Pa., is on his way overseas and hopes he's lucky enough to land in Australia where his friend, Pvt. Joe Fagan, is stationed. "Get a couple of women for me, just in case," he tells Fagan. . . . From a N. Atlantic base, **Fred Bearman** sends a message to his New York City friends, Nick Angelini and Dan Lennon: "Everything is under control except my girth. Gained 20 pounds and getting fat as a pig. Write me." . . . **T-4 Nick Mancini**, who ran a fruit store in Newark, N. J., now cooks for truck drivers in Persia. He sends greetings and good luck to Cpls. Sal Miceli and Nick Ruggerio, members of his old CA outfit in N. Africa.

Sgt. James C. Ferry of Waterloo, Iowa, sends a message from Panama to Pvt. Bernard Oeth in Africa: "Best regards and, if not too late, convey my bullets to the Nazis." . . . **Pfc. Bruce Nimmo** of Duluth, Minn., is at a N. Atlantic base and tells Lt. Miles Dunphy and Pvt. Ahtikari, both in the Pacific area: "If you get time off from Jap hunting, write me." . . . **Cpl. Hank Cole** of Devils Lake, N. Dak., left farming to become an important cog in the Persian supply line to Russia. He tells S/Sgt. "Doc" Borg and Earl Fritz, both Camp Livingston (La.) products: "The old wrecking crew is still holding together. Keep your noses clean."

Mail Call

Dear YANK:
In reference to Col. Linden's letter in a July issue, which corrected the April article, "Meet the Man Who Saved You, Sergeant," we wish to make this statement: T/Sgt. Klettke and Seaman McDonald were the only men responsible for the rescuing of Sgt. Aldrich from the entangled parachute and delivering him to the human chain. It is possible, however, that Pfc. Lazzara was a member of the chain.

Alaska —**T/Sgt. R. C. GALLOWAY***

*Also signed by M/Sgt. C. K. Davis, Sgt. R. I. Coale, Sgt. D. G. Barton, Sgt. L. C. Bakkum, S/Sgt C. P. Driscoll, Sgt. J. R. Harrison, Sgt. C. F. Butcher, Sgt. W. E. Bridges, T/Sgt. M. E. Fikes, Sgt. Robert Colson, Cpl. Ernest M. Caldwell, S/Sgt. Thomas E. Addison.

Dear YANK:
Recently we read the WD's announcement about all men being granted furloughs before going overseas. That consideration was not given us at the time we left, and since then we have been through many ordeals and spent a year and a half on an outpost. We have faced much and only lost a few men who weren't capable of staying here in the first place. The men here are among the first selectees and volunteers—men who drew $21 a month as rookies. Do we deserve furloughs, or is it better to get so stale we won't be good for anything? Mental illness can do more harm than physical illness, and, as the old story goes, we won't be worth mingling with society. It's true we are not contacting the enemy daily as many are doing, but we were put here to protect and build.

Alaska —**Sgt. DANIEL D. CUPP**

Dear YANK:
The first poem I had printed in YANK folded into the pin-up girl's bosom, and I liked that. My second landed at her knees. Now I wonder if it could be arranged to move me up the page, provided you print any more of my stuff.

Lehigh U., Bethlehem, Pa. —**Pfc. PERRY WOLFF**

■ If she's the right kind of a gal, it can be arranged.

Dear YANK:
I agree with Pvt. S. Baron 100 percent, as probably millions of others do, in his letter in a July issue of YANK. The American Legion is a has-been organization and should not interfere with the veterans of this war. They have had their chance in the past 25 years. I have served a year overseas and feel the time is now appropriate to form a better and stronger veterans' organization.

Fort Lewis, Wash. —**Cpl. WALTER SEAGRAVE**

Dear YANK:
We feel that Africa has been hogging too much of the limelight. We have the magic of the North as well as the mystery of the Orient, to wit: snake

charmers [*see photo*]. Vital statistics: water pipe constructed from distilled-water flask, snake made by shoving wire through enema tube, towels used for turbans and mattress covers for body covering.

Alaska —**Pfc. ARNOLD GLANTZ**

Dear YANK:
I've met your correspondent, Sgt. Georg Meyers, and think he is a swell Joe and on the ball. I took this picture of him [*left*] just after he finished taking shots of us here. Incidentally Meyers has never seen this snapshot. Perhaps I'm the first one to send you a picture of one of your men.

—**Pfc. SYLVAN ZUCKER**

Alaska

Dear YANK:
Your July article "So You Washed Out of OCS" made us feel good, knowing that Jefferson Barracks was taking such good care of its men. Out of the 700 or 800 wash-outs here (from Benning) about 250 of us are/were from the Air Corps. Shortly after our arrival here we were reclassified by other wash-outs who did not give a damn any more than we did. While most of us are technicians and over half are in the first three grades, we more than enjoy digging ditches and cutting grass under the able tutelage of intelligent privates. What happened to that AR which stated a nongraduate would return to the branch from which he came? We would give up our rank to get to Jefferson Barracks and meet someone like Maj. Pullig.

Camp Wheeler, Ga. —**S/Sgt. JOHN G. MAGUIRE**

■ AR 625-5, change 9, paragraph 18, dated June 14, 1943, states that nongraduates will be disposed of in accordance with instructions by the commanding generals of the AGF, AAF and ASF, for schools under their respective jurisdictions.

Dear YANK:
Strikes slow up production and the transportation of war supplies and are the cause of lost battles. This is mutiny—the same as laying down arms. If these strikers don't get on the ball, when this is over there will be plenty of us coming back to put on one of the biggest house-cleanings Uncle Sam ever had.

New Guinea —**Pfc. ROY E. PECK**

Dear YANK:
Some of the boys have received letters from home telling them about these USO soldiers sporting overseas stripes. It seems to me these guys hiding behind fake overseas stripes either are not figuring on getting over or are trying to get glory out of someone else's sacrifice.

Guadalcanal —**Pvt. JESSE GALLAGHER**

Dear YANK:
Just read your editorial on foreign-service ribbons, referring especially to the American Theater ribbon. When I was home on furlough I saw so many I wondered if there were any soldiers left overseas. I discovered in a military store in New York I could have bought any decoration on the strength of my uniform. It isn't fair to the GIs overseas to have these lounge lizards strutting around with ribbons all over their chests.

Newfoundland —**Cpl. PHIL RUBENSTEIN**

■ In an early August issue, under *Strictly GI*, we reported the newest WD regulations on wearing ribbons. You can find them in paragraph VI, WD circular 160, dated July 13, 1943.

Dear YANK:
I want to commend Pvts. Bean and Lowder for their letter in a June YANK. But did they really mean that last sentence—"we are doing everything in our power to obtain victory"? Do they think *all* are doing everything? Most of the bigwigs running this war came into prominence once in a lifetime; war is their platform, and I can't make myself believe they are in any hurry to knock that platform out from under themselves.

Iceland —**Pvt. PAUL K. LORENZ**

MESSAGE CENTER

B. Pfc. ALLAN M. BALLARD, somewhere with an aircraft-assembly unit overseas, send your address to Cpl. Martin Bostrom, 15th Sig. Tng. Regt., Co. L, Fort Monmouth, N. J. . . . Cpl. WRAY H. BARROWS of Washington, Pa., now in the Medical Corps in N. Africa, get in touch with Pfc. William D. Carter, 905th QM Co. (Avn), Warner Robins Field, Macon, Ga.

C. It's important that Pfc. WILFRED L. CHAPMAN, New Guinea, write Aux. Alberta Simms, Co. 283d Regt., Army Post Branch, Fort Des Moines, Iowa. . . . Will Sgt. JOHN J. COLE, once stationed at March Field, Calif., get in touch with his aunt, 2d Lt. Emily Marcus?

D. T-4 CHESTER F. DEATON, a surgical technician somewhere in India, should get in touch with S/Sgt. John P. Henderson Jr., 222d Inf. Regt., 42d Div., Camp Gruber, Okla. . . . WILLIAM R. DUKE S2c write to A/C Robert E. Melvin, AAFPC, Gp. 20-C-1 (Bomb), Ellington Field, Tex.

F. BOB FINEGAN, who was in the AAF in California, should make contact with his brother, Sgt. Stanley A. Finegan, 1219 Med. Det., Fort Totten, N. Y. . . . Pvt. JOHN GAYLORD FRIAR, formerly of Sheppard Field, Tex., write to Lt. George D. Henderson, CW Procurement Div., 292 Madison Ave., New York City.

G. Pfc. FRANK R. GENGE, whose last address was APO 1104, San Francisco, Calif., should write to Pvt. John E. Byczek, Med. Det. Dept., Sec. 3, Fort Bragg, N. C. . . . RICHARD F. GIBSON, who was once at Fort Sam Houston, Tex., should get in touch with his brother, T/Sgt. Thomas J. Gibson, Atchd. 910th Ord. HM Co. (Q), Camp Cooke, Calif. . . . Will DANIEL GILMAN, who was at Camp Wheeler, Ga., send some news to Cpl. Joseph Bernstein, Co. L, 801 STR, Camp Murphy, Fla.? . . . Pvt. LEONARD GISH, formerly of CSU 1928, Camp Roberts, Calif., send your address to S/Sgt. William Quinn, 2338 Franklin St., San Francisco, Calif.

H. JOE HERRITY, ASN 12034379, and men who were at Keesler Field, Miss., who remember the cry "*Flight 85 outside*," write to Sgt. A. A. Hill, 331st Fighter Sq., 329th Fighter Gp., A Adrm., Van Nuys, Calif. . . . Lt. DICK HOLT of Goldsboro, N. C., write to Pvt. E. H. Kemper, 15th Acad. Sq., Chanute Field, Ill.

J. Sgt. J. J. (MUSHY) JACOBS, a gunner somewhere in Africa, write Pfc. P. A. Zink Jr., Bks. 637, 808 TSS, AAFTTC, Sioux Falls, S. Dak. . . . Pvt. JACK JACOBY, USMC, get in touch with Cpl. . . . Silverman, Sq. 411 TSS, Keesler Field, Miss. . . . Pvt. FRANK JUDGE, who was with the 62d Bomb. Sq., Davis-Monthan Field, Tucson, Ariz., write to Pvt. Lester Malamut, Hq. Btry., AAAC, EDC, Fort Totten, N. Y.

K. Sgt. JACK KENNELLY, believed to be an instructor at a parachute school, write to T/Sgt. Morris A. Bryant, Co. D, 511th Prcht. Inf., Camp Mackall, N. C. . . . S/Sgt. S. LARRY KIMENKER, last reported at the Fresno (Calif.) Air Base, write to Pvt. Allen M. Widem, Co. B, 10th Med. Tng. Bn., MRTC, Camp Pickett, Va. . . . Will BILL KOVALSKI, somewhere in N. Africa, write to his brother, Pfc. Emil Kovalski, Med. Det., 29th Inf., Fort Jackson, S. C.? . . . ALBIN KREZEL of Detroit, Mich., stationed at Selfridge Field, Mich., in April 1942, write to Sgt. Joseph Chucker, 31st Fighter Control, Leesburg AB, Leesburg, Fla.

L. It's important that Lt. EDWARD O. LARSON, of Brooklyn, N. Y., once stationed at Tulare, Calif., write to Pfc. Frank S. Stone, 40th Serv. Gp., 333d Serv. Sq., APBR, Avon Park, Fla. . . . Ensign "CHUCK" LAW, USNR, get in touch with S/Sgt. Stan Vainrib, Hq. PAAF, Pampa, Tex. . . . CHARLES LURTON, whose address was Keesler Field, Miss., write Pvt. Kirby Rayles, 900th Gd. Sq., CAAB, Columbia, S. C.

M. Pvt. RICHARD MAGNER, get in touch with Pvt. Jean E. Hungerford, 93d Dep. Repair Sq., Brookley Field, Mobile, who worked on a B-24 assembly line with you in San Diego, Calif. . . . Charles Manchee, who joined the Navy two years ago, should write to A/C William G. Schick, Wing 2, AAFPS (Pilot), Gp. M, Sq. 208 SAACC, San Antonio, Tex.

TRADING POST

Esperanto. Any soldier wishing to correspond in the international language, Esperanto, may do so by writing to Pvt. Ted Crawford, 138 Sq., 52 TG, Keesler Field, Miss.

Shoulder Patches and Insignia. The following men want to swap shoulder patches and insignia: Cpl. Peter J. Koniar, Serv. Co., 351st Inf., Camp Gruber, Okla.; Cpl. John A. Hinkle, Hq. Co., 1117th Engr. C. Gp., Shreveport, La.; Sgt. M. S. Roggero, 3d Army Hq., AGD, Fort Sam Houston, Tex.; Pvt. C. Sweetser, 297th Gen. Hosp., Temple, Tex.; Lt. Tom Gallagher, Hq. Co. 1850 SU, Camp Chaffee, Ark.; Pvt. James L. Guthrie, Co. M, 101st Inf., Camp Gordon, Ga.; Cpl. Henry A. Jaworowski, 187th Sig. Rep. Co., AP Hill Military Reservation, Fredericksburg, Va.

Stamps. In a July issue we printed a message here from a civilian, John D. Stanard of Dayton, Ohio, who offered to send first-day covers of new U. S. stamps to soldiers who wrote to him by V-Mail. The deal is off because WD regulations will not permit him or any civilian to correspond with soldiers they don't know.

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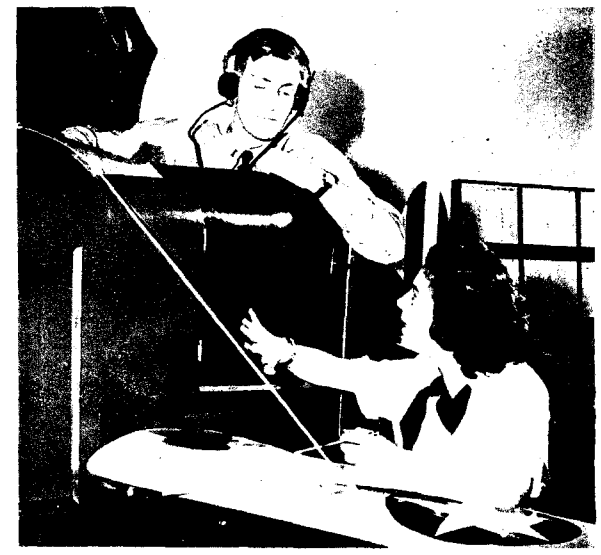
The Navy Takes to the Air Waves

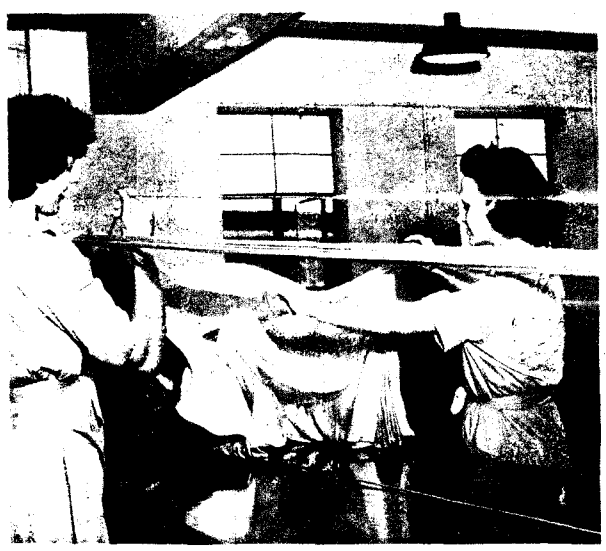
It's true what they say on the recruiting posters—Waves are releasing Navy men for active duty. The most active duty the Waves get is at Naval air stations. Here are six of them doing jobs sailors did last year.

DUTY IN OPERATIONS TOWER of a Naval air station is responsible work that most Waves would like but only a selected number will achieve. Bernice Damant, a specialist (technician) third class, is one who made the grade and does a gob-size job in the tower at the Naval Air Station, Floyd Bennett Field, Brooklyn, N. Y. Tower work is tense but varied.



LINK TRAINERS give Waves an opportunity to tell experienced Navy pilots what they do wrong. At Bennett Field, Betty Shallenberger Sp (T) 3c does just that.

WEATHER forecasting is now a field for Wave aerographers. Seaman Joan Burnham labors over the plotting board at the Air Training Station, Lakehurst, N. J.



PARACHUTE RIGGING is suited to feminine fingers. Riggers at Lakehurst are Bernice McBride, Mansfield, Ohio, and Zara Misenheimer, Concord, N. H.

PARACHUTE REPAIR was a man-sized job in the old Navy. Now it's cut out for Waves. Here Seaman Mary Ellen Davis of Amarillo, Tex., sews the torn parachute silk in the fabric room at Lakehurst.

RADIO duty brings the responsible rating of radio mechanic after graduation from radio school. Regina McCarthy RM3c of Chestnut Hill, Pa., sends messages.

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YANK THE ARMY WEEKLY

STRICTLY G.I.

GI Shop Talk

AERIAL gunners in all services will be issued goggles with red lenses from now on so they will be able to follow tracer bullets in broad daylight. . . . The Waves will expand from their present number of 27,000 to 90,000 by the end of 1944. . . . Thousands of tons of battlefield scrap and salvage are being shipped back to the U. S. to be reused in the war effort. . . . The WD will retire or relieve on Sept. 1 "the great majority" of the 900 officers who will be over the age-retirement limits: 64 for major generals, 62 for brigadier generals and 60 for all other commissioned officers. . . . Army Engineers have developed a mower that cuts grass in swaths of 21 feet at 20 mph. Used especially on airfields, the mower can cut 40 acres of grass in an hour. . . . The Army has a new ack-ack half-track that can make more than 60 mph. It mounts 37-mm AA guns and .50-caliber machine guns. . . . Enlisted personnel of the Marine Corps Women's Reserves are now eligible for O/C School. . . . One out of nine officers overseas got promotions during May and June as compared to one out of 13 officers stationed in the U. S. . . . The latest pocket guide issued to GIs is "Italian—a Guide to the Spoken Language." Comes in handy these days in Sicily. . . . The Army is getting 15 percent of the beer brewed in the U. S. during the next year. It's 3.2 or less.

Discharge Buttons

Here is the new lapel button to be issued to military personnel honorably discharged from the Army. It's a gold-plated plastic button featuring an eagle inside a circle with wings extending beyond the circle's edge. The button is now being made by the QMC. Full details on how to get it will be given as soon as it is ready for distribution.

Ex-Soldiers Can Get YANK

Soldiers who have been honorably discharged can continue their YANK subscriptions or get new ones without any hitch. Regulations specify that persons not in uniform are eligible to subscribe for YANK if they are honorably discharged soldiers of this war, retired Regular Army personnel or nurses. This does not apply, of course, to home guard and state guard units or similar outfits which have never been called to active duty.

Chow Note

The recipe for GI coffee, if you're interested, is three pounds for seven gallons of water—and this is supposed to make enough brew for 100 men. The QMC doesn't say, though, how GI coffee gets its flavor. Which is, of course, the original military secret.

THE ROAD BACK

Tank Gun Stabilizer

Army Ordnance has released details of the gyro-stabilizer, a robot aiming device that stabilizes tank gunfire in spite of terrain, pitch or speed. The device places the tank gun on a floating mount where the stabilizer keeps the gun barrel at a fixed elevation. In that way the target is always within focus of the gun's telescopic sight. The stabilizer has increased the firing accuracy of tank guns as much as 300 percent, and was a great factor in helping us knock off the Nazis in North Africa.

Army Band in North Africa

The WD has announced that the U. S. Army Band has been sent to North Africa to play for Allied soldiers there. The band opened its North African tour with a concert at Casablanca before a great crowd of Allied troops and natives. The program ranged from American jazz to American, British, French and Moroccan national anthems. The Army Band was organized in 1922 by order of Gen. Pershing.

How To Wear Ribbons

Decoration ribbons and service ribbons should be worn on the blouse or shirt, four ribbons to a row with the first row at least 4 inches below the left shoulder and at least ⅜ inch between rows. They should be worn in the following order (from the wearer's right to his left): Medal of Honor, DSC, DSM, Legion of Merit, Silver Star, Purple Heart, Soldier's Medal, Distinguished Flying Cross, Air Medal, Individual Citation Device (a blue ribbon with gold frame)—then the service ribbons and, last of all, the Good Conduct ribbon. In the service ribbon row, the Before-Pearl Harbor one is worn to the right of the foreign or American Theater ribbons. If a man has been in more than one theater, he wears the various ribbons in the order in which he served in those theaters. Medals are worn only on special occasions or by the specific command of your CO, and under no circumstances can a medal be worn in combat.

Washington O.P.

THE Allied military currency being used in Sicily was planned by the Army and Treasury Department months ahead of time. Printing of the bills started in June with the name of the country and currency designation omitted. Then, when the invasion news came, the presses started printing in "Italy" and "lira." A few days later the first big transport took off from Washington loaded with the new folding money.

If you've lost a fountain pen, camera or some other item of personal gear, you might be able to recover your loss through the claims division of the Judge Advocate General's Office in Washington. While the Army can't be sued and doesn't run a personal-property insurance business, it does repay soldiers for property lost or damaged under certain circumstances, as in the case of a fire where you rescue Army property at the expense of your own.

The Transportation Corps on its first birthday went to the top for permission to reveal the number of GIs they'd shipped overseas up to last May. The number was 2 million. . . . Incidentally, the TC boys tell a yarn about how they speeded up the unloading of ships at Karachi, India. When native labor proved too slow, they rang in just one of our trained port battalions—and competition made the wheels spin.

The APS will start a campaign soon to acquaint the public with the rules for mailing Christmas packages to GIs overseas. . . . According to Brig. Gen. Albert T. Browning, chief of the purchasing division of ASF, the British are supplying U. S. troops in the United Kingdom with 33 million chocolate bars, 15 million candy rolls and 16 million packs of chewing gum under reverse Lend-Lease of 1943. . . . A letter addressed "Angel and General, Water Department, Washington" had people tearing their hair for a while. It finally got to the right place—the AG Office in the WD. —YANK's Washington Bureau

GI Mural Painters

YANK would like to see photos of soldier murals done by EM, and to the creator of the one we consider the best will go a prize of one $25 War Bond. Send photos only and address them to the Feature Editor. Entries close Oct. 1, 1943.

This Week's Cover

BY pack board, Sgt. George F. Covm of Chicago hauls supplies on Amchitka Island, one of the Aleutian chain 70 miles from Kiska. George is finding out that the roads are not as good as Chicago's.

YANK EDITORIAL STAFF

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Central Africa: Sgt. Kenneth Abbott, AAF.
Cairo: Sgt. Burgess Scott, Inf.; Sgt. George Aarons, Sig. Corps.
Sicily: Sgt. Walter Bernstein, Inf.
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China: Sgt. Marion Hargrove, FA.
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Hawaii: Sgt. Merle Miller, AAF; Sgt. John Bushemi, FA; Pfc. Richard J. Nihill, Inf.; Cpl. James L. McManus, Inf.
Alaska: Sgt. Georg N. Meyers, AAF.
Bermuda: Cpl. William Pene du Bois.
British Guiana: Pvt. Fred A. Peruzzi, Inf.
Brazil: Pfc. Nat Bodian, ATC.
Panama: Sgt. Robert G. Ryan, Inf.
Puerto Rico: Sgt. Lou Stoumen, DEML; Cpl. William F. Haworth, Sig. Corps.
Trinidad: Sgt. Clyde Biggerstaff, DEML.
Surinam: Pvt. Bernard Freeman, Inf.
Nassau: Sgt. Dave P. Folds Jr., MP.
Iceland: Cpl. Dennis Wiegand, AAF; Sgt. Gene Graff, Inf.
Newfoundland: Sgt. Frank Bode.
Greenland: Sgt. Edward F. O'Meara, AAF.
Marines: 1st Sgt. Riley Aikman.
Navy: Robert L. Schwartz Y2c; Allen Churchill Y3c.

Officer in Charge: Lt. Col. Franklin S. Forsberg; Editor, Maj. Hartzell Spence; Detachment Commander, Capt. Sam Humphfus.

Overseas Bureau Officers: London, Maj. Desmond H. O'Connell; India, Maj. Don Thurman; Australia, Capt. Donald W. Reynolds, 1st Lt. Jesse L. Bigbee; Cairo, Capt. Hodding Carter; Hawaii, Capt. Charles W. Balthrope; Alaska, Capt. Jack W. Weeks; Panama, Capt. Henry E. Johnson; Iraq-Iran, Capt. Charles Holt.

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MAIN EDITORIAL OFFICE
205 EAST 42D ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y., U. S. A.

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TOP DOG. Rex, mascot of Co. I, 2d Regt., at Aberdeen Proving Ground, Md., can climb that ladder as well as the back of his master, S/Sgt. John W. Fultz. And he's also an expert goldbricker.

LIFE SAVER. Pvt. Peggy Kraft is the official swimming instructor and lifeguard for men of Camp Forrest and Northern Field, Tenn., and their favorite Waac. She's saved five GI lives.

BOLO BOYS. In training at Camp Cooke, Calif., these Filipino soldiers demonstrate hand-to-hand fighting with big razor-edge knives.

Chow Call Deluxe

Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.—Afc. Marilyn Cloutier of Fall River, Mass., had a terrific craving for New England lobster. But nary a one was to be had here or in nearby Chattanooga.

Afc. Cloutier was undismayed by her initial failure. She wrote her fiance, Cpl. Gardner S. Drape at Camp Crowder, Mo., and he communicated with his father, L. V. Drape, who runs a Fall River fish market.

Soon afterward, Afc. Cloutier and her bunkmates dined on lobster. Fifteen boiled lobsters had arrived, packed in chipped ice.

Domestic Note

Nashville Army Air Center, Tenn.—Each afternoon, 1st Sgt. Leon L. Rowlands would call his wife and say: "I'll be home for sure tonight." And each evening, he would call her again and say: "Sorry, dear; I've got too much work to do and won't be seeing you."

This routine went on for some time; then one night Sgt. Rowlands did show up for dinner. As he walked in the door, Mrs. Rowlands looked up and said: "Why, hello, Leon. My, how you've grown!"

Timetable Double Talk

BTC No. 5, AAFTC, Kearns, Utah—M/Sgt. Roger W. Noone, noncom in charge of S-2 office here, left for Chicago recently. The following letter was received from him by his CO a few days later.

Dear Capt. Griffith:

When I went down to get on the train Wednesday night I couldn't get on the one in the station because it was Tuesday's train exactly one day late. I waited for Wednesday's train, but Wednesday's Pullman had gone on Tuesday's train. After some arrangements had been made, I was able to get on Thursday's Pullman which was attached to Wednesday's train so, though I am on today's train, I am on tomorrow's train a day late. I started out on yesterday's *Los Angeles Limited* and now I am on tomorrow's *Challenger*.

I have looked on my orders and I am still as ever

SGT. NOONE.

AROUND THE CAMPS

Camp Edwards, Mass.—Pvt. Joe Bolling's qualifications as OCS material were under discussion in his barracks. Opinion seemed strongly in the negative while Pvt. Bolling argued in the affirmative. Finally one buddy asked: "What is your IQ?" To which Bolling replied: "There's nothing wrong with my IQ. It's 20-20."

Camp Butner, N. C.—Pvt. Alva LeClair of Supply Detachment No. 1 never missed mail call. He was expecting a very important package, he told questioners. Finally the package arrived. While a curious group watched, LeClair opened the parcel to reveal—a toupee.

Love Field, Tex.—Pvt. Ray Shead has always been particular about his shoes. For many years he bought them at the same Dallas store and from the same salesman. Came the draft and Shead was sent to Camp Wolters, Tex. He was fitted and issued his GI brogans by the same salesman.

Parris Island, S. C.—Pvt. Gene B. Harry Jr. dropped the muzzle of his rifle on the ground while reloading one day at the Marine range here. "Where the hell do you come from, boot?" hollered his coach. "From Blue Hill, Maine," Pvt. Harry answered. "That explains it," the coach whispered. "So do I."

HIC—STOP THIEF!

Fort MacArthur, Calif.—Pfc. Don Lechesi was having himself a time at a dance. Then he got a bad case of hiccups. He tried the punch and various other alleged remedies without success.

Suddenly a girl on the sidelines pointed at him with accusing finger and yelled: "There's the soldier who grabbed my handbag!"

Lechesi gulped, stammered, turned red and finally blurted out: "I never saw you before. Say—"

"There, there," said the girl, smiling, "calm down now. And please notice that you've lost your hiccups."

He had.

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INVALID CORNER. Pvt. Clifford St. Peter stands at the intersection of Central Avenue and Second Street in the Camp Croft (S. C.) hospital. All its hallways are so marked to cut down on confusion.

TWIN MARINES. Pvt. Elizabeth Morris and Cpl. Langdon Morris, identical twins, wouldn't let war break up the family. They are both marines at Camp Lejeune, N. C. She's at QM school, he's in radio.

STEEL BRONCO. T-5 Arthur Peterson keeps his motorcycle in line as it charges up a ravine. He's one of a bunch of rough-riding motorcyclists in a reconnaissance troop at Camp Carson, Colo.

THE LOSER. M/Sgt. Logan Shirley, at the Alexandria (La.) Army Air Base, isn't doing this just to be democratic. He made a wager with a member of a rival squadron on the outcome of a softball game and lost. So he took full dose of KP.

JOY RIDE. This load of grins was made possible when girl members of the Wesleyan College Glee Club came to sing for the men of Cochran Field, Ga., and got a jeep ride in exchange. Sorry, no names or phone numbers are available.

Freeman Air Field, Ind.—Sgt. Francis W. Kane of the post inspector's office here wasted little time getting to the tailor's to have his new buck sergeant's stripes sewed on. He returned a few days later to find that the tailor did not have a clear understanding of the sex of the name "Francis." Neatly sewn underneath the new stripes were the letters "WAAC."

Rome Air Field, N. Y.—Barracks 42 here is regaled nightly by four members of the post band who gather under the direction of Sgt. Tony Gella and S/Sgt. Edward Zaite in the shower rooms. Each night before retreat the quartet renders a repertoire of modern and classical music.

Fort Custer, Mich.—"Money is the cause of plenty of evil and not having any to spend foolishly doesn't bother me." The speaker is Pvt. Norman B. Traylor, 1621st Service Unit, who each month steps up to be paid—25 cents. That's all he has coming after deductions for allotment, War Bonds, insurance and laundry.

MUSIC MAN. Pvt. Werner Janssen Jr. plays a hot clarinet off duty. Son of the symphony conductor, he's stationed at Infantry RTC, Fort McClellan, Ala.

CRYSTAL BALL REPORTING

Bolling Field, D. C. — *The Beam*, fortnightly publication here, scooped the world the week end *Il Duce* toppled. In its July 24 issue, which went to press on July 20, it carried an editorial cartoon depicting Mussolini falling out a balcony labeled "Mussolini's Dreams of Conquest." The cartoon was the work of Cpl. John Stampone.

Camp Sutton, N. C.—Pvt. James Brown of Co. B has one of those waterproof, shockproof, self-winding wrist watches. One day it stopped running and Brown took it to a jeweler's where a spring was removed and he was instructed to send it to the dealer's for repairs. Brown still has the spring, and now is waiting for his watch to stop running again before getting it repaired.

CUPID'S DIARY

Aux. Margaret Elda Landry and S/Sgt. George Travis Attaway met for the first time in an ambulance in which both were patients. Romance budded and recently, in the officers' recreation room at **Fort Totten**, N. Y., they were married. A simultaneous 10-day furlough-honeymoon was in the offing. . . . Pvt. Russell West was a cook in a mess hall at **Tyndall Field**, Fla., to which Aux. Ardella Simmons and other Waacs were assigned pending completion of their own mess hall. West's cooking must have had a touch of romance in it. Not long after he met Aux. Simmons wedding bells rang. The day after the ceremony, Aux. West (nee Simmons) got KP. . . . Cook met cook when T-5 Violet L. Grobsky and T-5 Henry A. Faster got together in the mess hall of the 4th WAAC Training Center at **Fort Devens**, Mass. Cupid was in the kettle for the two T-5s; with T-5 Pearl Briant, first cook, giving the bride away, they were married. . . . Pfc. John Paul Jones, an MP at **Fort Harrison**, Mont., displayed the tenacity of his famous namesake when he went ahead with wedding plans in spite of the fact that he acquired two black eyes and a broken nose the night before he was to be married. The decorations, he declared, were not won in a fight; at the station hospital, where he checked in for a brideless honeymoon, he said: "I have not yet begun to fight."

What gave you a laugh, Joe, or a bang? Got a picture, or a news item, or a feature of interest to other dogfaces? Let them in on it by sending it on to YANK, Camp Features, 205 E. 42d St., New York 17, N. Y.

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YANK

Pin-up Girl

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Evening Report

HOLLYWOOD. Dance teachers look for at least one new dance each year from Fred Astaire. A fox trot in "The Sky's the Limit" is his 1943 contribution and is being adapted for ballroom use. It's called "The Furlough." . . . Betty Hutton's next assignment for the cinema is the portrayal of the late Texas Guinan in a musical titled "Incendiary Blonde." Brian Donlevy is slated for the lead opposite Betty. . . . Lyle Talbot, who was recently discharged from the Army, has been signed to appear in the new Danny Kaye Technicolor film, "Up in Arms." Talbot, who was a sergeant prior to his discharge, will have the role of a sergeant in the film. . . . Benny Goodman will make like a thrush as well as baton his band in the musical, "The Gang's All Here." He will sing two numbers, "Paducah" and "Minnie's in the Money." . . . Betty Grable has a dual role in "Pin-Up Girl." By night she's a singing-dancing star and by day she toils at a typewriter. For the latter role, she had to be deglamorized, a process that went as far as to hide the famous gams. . . . Joan Leslie will do six musical numbers in "Rhapsody in Blue," the film story based on the life of the late George Gershwin. . . . Following a guest appearance with the New York Philharmonic, Frank Sinatra left for Hollywood to begin rehearsals for "Higher and Higher," forthcoming musical picture.

COAST TO COAST. The American Federation of Musicians has completed plans to bring free symphony concerts to hundreds of small cities. The union will spend $250,000 to finance tours of 23 orchestras. . . . "Run, Little Chillun" had a try-out performance recently at Camp Kilmer, N. J. This is believed to be the first time an Army camp was the scene of a try-out for a Broadway show. . . . The Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus opened in Detroit for a 10-day run on Aug. 13, followed by an engagement in Chicago. . . . "Roller Follies" is set to start a 14-week tour of auditoriums and skating rinks in September. . . . Major Bowes gave up his amateur units which, according to *Variety*, have netted him around $3,000,000 in eight years. . . . The Gayety, former burlesque and film house in Akron, Ohio, became The Newsreel.

Ina Ray Hutton

BAND BEAT. Sonny Skylar, vocalist with Vincent Lopez and orchestra, left to go on a sustaining program for the Mutual network. Jerry Burton replaced him. . . . The Chicago Theater at Chicago is going all out for name bands with a roll call including Bob Chester, Teddy Powell, Phil Spitalny and Tommy Dorsey. . . . Ina Ray Hutton and orchestra at the Astor Roof, New York, is featuring the singing of the Kim Loo Sisters. . . . Les Brown and band are at Flagler Gardens, Miami, Fla. . . . Lionel Hampton and crew are at the Stanley, Pittsburgh, Pa.

AIR WAVES. Cal Tinney resigned recently from the Bayuk (Phillies) commentary spot on Mutual. . . . "Manhattan at Midnight" is being discontinued to make way for a new show, "Mystery Theater," on NBC. . . . Gracie Fields will do five broadcasts from England during her forthcoming tour of British camps. . . . Victor Moore and William Gaxton will be regulars on the fall resumption of the Bergen-McCarthy show. . . . Vivian Della Chiesa, featured singer on "American Melody Hour" and "The American Album of Familiar Music," has left both programs to go on a concert tour. . . . Kay Penton, night club thrush, replaces Rosemarie Lombardo, sister of the band leader, on the Ballantine Beer show. Rosemarie eloped recently with Lt. Henry A. Becker, AAF. . . . Eileen Farrell, subbing for Gladys Swarthout on the Prudential "Family Hour," is limited to singing only nonclassical material at the insistence of Miss Swarthout. . . . Bert Gordon, the "Mad Russian," will be back on the Eddie Cantor show this Fall.

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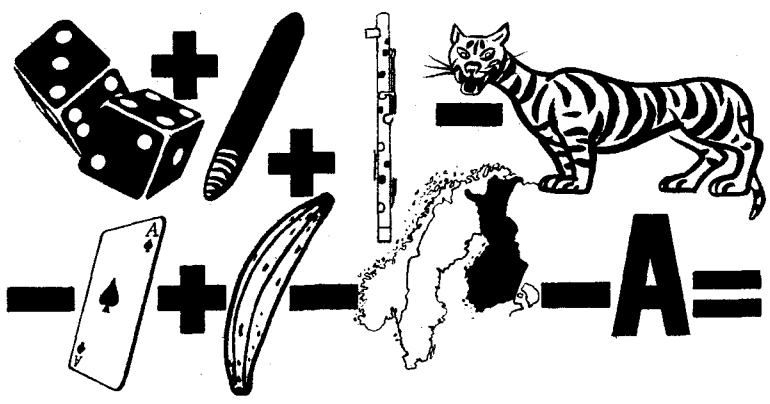
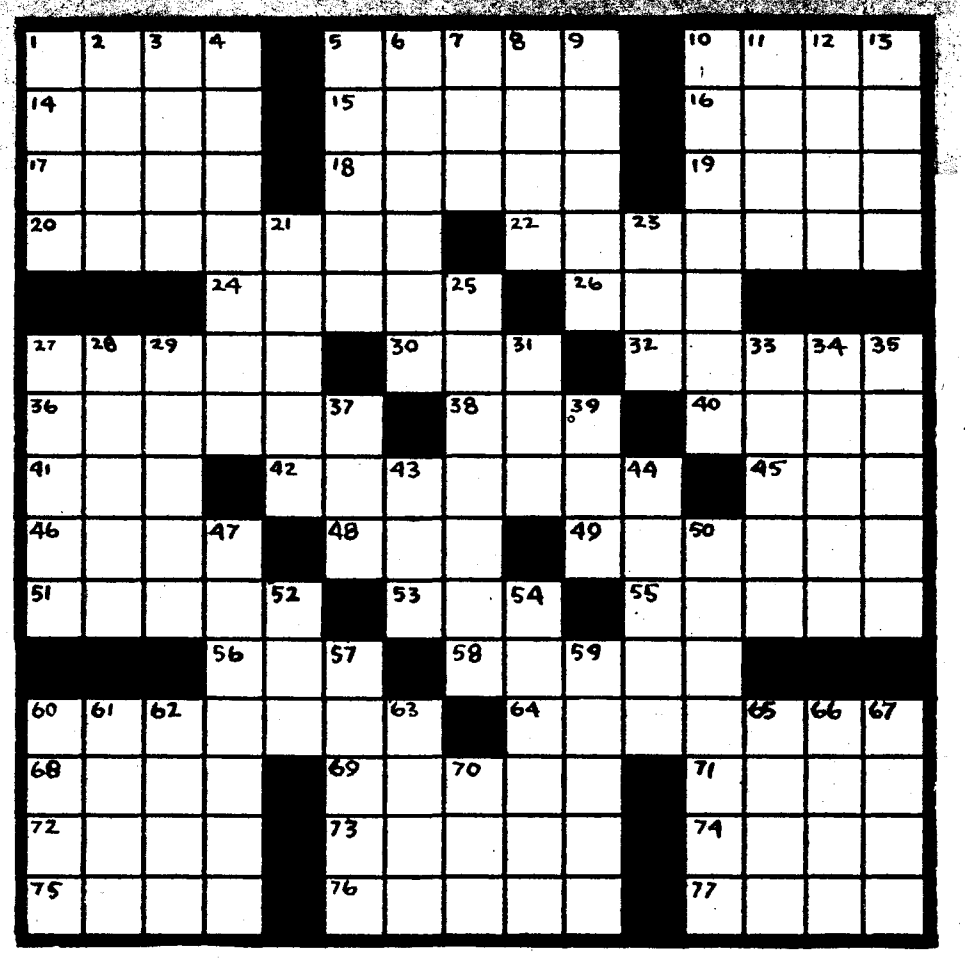
DOUBLE PUZZLE

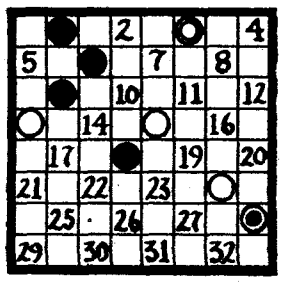
Solve the Picture Puzzle by adding or subtracting the pictured objects as indicated. The result will be the name of one of our Allies. Fill this into the Crossword Puzzle, 1 Across. Then try to solve the rest of the Crossword Puzzle.

(Solution on Page 22)





CHECKER STRATEGY



STRANGE as it seems, White can wangle a win out of this apparently lost position. The winning maneuver is very cute—a useful idea which may come up occasionally in actual play. Try to dope it out.

Before checking your analysis with the answer on Page 22, number the playing squares of your checkerboard from 1 to 32 as shown.

Joan Leslie

If you're wondering just what the pose and costume over at the left mean, you'll not get the answer from us. All we know is that this is how Joan does not appear in Warner Bros.' movie version of "This Is the Army." More's the pity.

ACROSS

1. (Picture Puzzle)
5. Time in music
10. Coagulate
14. Unique person (slang)
15. Competitor
16. Italian city
17. Row
18. Coral island
19. Seaweed derivative
20. Draw out
22. Oriental
24. Satisfied
26. Envision
27. Aids
30. Decay
32. Hobo
36. Heats to excess
38. Strike
40. Footgear
41. District Attorney's (abbr.)
42. Foes
45. Those who (suffix)
46. Egyptian weight (plural)
48. Man's name
49. Mold again
51. Takes it easy
53. Terminate
55. Puts on cargo
56. Edge
58. Cultivate soil
60. A few
64. Disagreement
68. Woody growth
69. Man's name
71. Melody
72. Babylonian God
73. Girl's name
74. Famous pitcher
75. Tree of India
76. Lock of hair
77. Otherwise

DOWN

1. Army beds
2. Basic group
3. 3.2 beverage
4. Apprehends
5. Short treatise
6. Any of two
7. Member of the Victorian Order (abbr.)
8. Wan
9. Urns
10. Volcanic depths
11. Theater box
12. The Tentmaker
13. Bird
21. Taste
23. Place
25. Motionless
27. Zeal
28. Man's name
29. Moves gently
31. Japanese porgy
33. Ahead
34. Inventor of telegraph
35. Annoyers
37. Standard Navy Insignia (abbr.)
39. By
43. Before
44. Vends
47. Thoroughfares
50. Waterfall
52. Title of address
54. Capers
57. French Revolutionist
59. Dispositions presenting a front to the enemy
60. Strike with dagger
61. Sea eagle
62. Calf meat
63. Animal hide-out
65. Russian city
66. Long inlets
67. Native of Denmark
70. Master of Mechanical Engineering (abbr.)

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One Soldier's Creed

THERE is no music left in me,
But weariness that knows no sleep;
A constant vigil I must keep
Until war's end.
There was a home, a walk, a lawn,
A girl I loved, games, dreams and books,
High hopes and laughter, quiet nooks.
I do not feel
That I could live if they were not
Eternal, and forever things
That tyrants, demagogues and kings
Dare never touch.
If there are madmen who would try
To take these from me—take these things
Which I hold dear—if fury brings
Them, let them come.
There is not room beneath the sky,
There is not room in all the world
Where freedom's banners fly unfurled
If they should come.

Hunter Field, Ga. —Pfc. DUDLEY SHOEMAKER

—Sgt. Paul Galdone, Fort Belvoir, Va.

TO THE ENDS OF THE EARTH

The jeep is well known to the ends of the earth.
And has left its impressions thereon.
On the fronts of the war it has proven its worth;
On the rears it has battered the brawn.

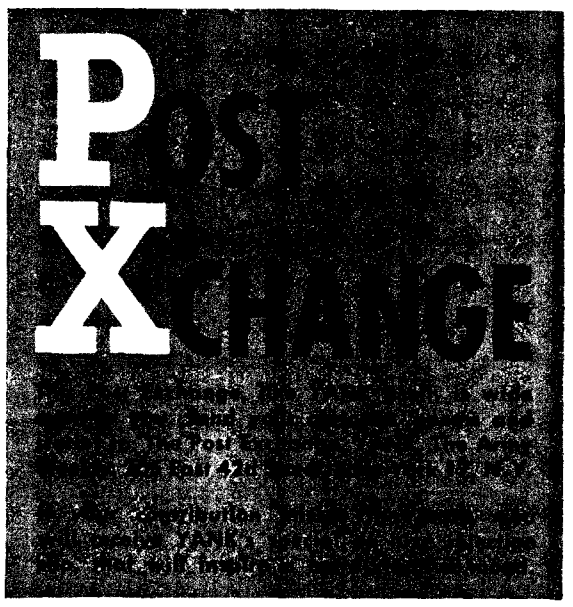
It's put many a bruise on a broad British butt.
Or a calloused Canadian can.
It has reddened the rear, as it lurched in a rut.
Of the Russian artilleryman.

There is many a seat that was made in U. S.
That has winced at its shattering blow;
And the Fighting French think its thumping caress
A test of their love for de Gaulle.

And even "down under" the tale is the same
(A little bit battered and sore);
While rugged Chinese make it into a game,
With patches on pants as the score.

Wherever the world-renowned jeep makes its way,
There's a new batch of blisters in birth;
So now you know what we mean when we say,
It is known to the ends of the earth.

Camp Swift, Tex. —T-5 JOHN W. GREENLEAF



Private IQ

I WAS somewhat surprised when I first was transferred to the Intelligence Division and walked into headquarters to find two brunettes and one blond lolling around on sofas. Their glamor was enhanced no little by the pearl-handled revolvers peeping from their bosoms and by the knowledge that the handles on the zippers of their low-cut gowns contained capsules of a patented ready-to-mix, almond-scented poison.

I got used to the sight of the languorous ladies in time, although I found it difficult to develop any emotional interest in them. I never could

feel romantic in the presence of a pearl-handled revolver. Nor could I bring myself to have a sociable drink with them. Perhaps it was the thought of those almond-scented capsules.

However, there was plenty to occupy my mind in the other activities of Intelligence. One of my first tasks was to burn the contents of waste-baskets at the end of each day. Second Lieutenants would pass as I was thus engaged, lift their eyebrows and whisper "Burning secret documents, eh?"

"Yes, sir," I would reply, poking around in the ashes and marveling to myself at the ingenuity displayed by our men in looking for code messages in the pages of the *Daily Racing Form*. I tried this myself, but all I could make out of the various cabalistic figures was $3.75, when my horse ran third at Belmont.

One of the most ingenious devices employed by Intelligence was the one used to determine the enemy's plans. In the last war this was comparatively simple, I understand. You sent out a blond, well mascaraed, and she usually could get what she wanted—if you know what I mean. But in this conflict there is someone on the other side who runs things by intuition and by consulting the stars. Our Intelligence, alert to all trends of modern warfare, quickly developed countermeasures. Each man has a crystal ball on his desk, into which he gazes raptly for an hour each day at dawn and sunset.

Results are said to be good, and I can well understand this, for I looked into one of the crystal balls myself once. What I saw was a pin-up clipped from YANK, placed alongside a map of strategic approaches.

Correspondence is another detail which Intelligence handles in a characteristic fashion. Let us suppose that an officer wants to send the same letter to five different agencies. A typist is ordered to make six copies, in the usual manner. When he has finished he burns the copies and mails out the carbon-paper sheets. These are read at their destination with the aid of mirrors—to confuse the enemy, of course.

This confusion, I might add, is developed in a most systematic fashion. Recently our Intelligence spread the story in Axis circles that American camouflage experts had perfected a bladeless knife without a handle. They were working, the story went on to say, on application of the same principle to aircraft—the immediate aim being to develop a wingless plane without a fuselage.

Such reports, according to our men, drove Nazi Intelligence agents crazy. Seems it reminded them too much of the butterless toast without bread that they'd been eating.

Hamilton Field, Calif. —Pvt. HUBERT J. BERNHARD

Ferdinand Furlough

THERE'S one of them in every outfit: the guy is always correcting everybody in military matters, even the drill instructors and mess sergeants. We had one fellow like that named Furlough—Ferdinand Furlough.

One day we were all lined up for inspection by the colonel. Everybody was polishing belt buckles or rubbing shoes against the backs of their pants except Ferdinand. He was standing quietly. He had an idea.

He had suddenly remembered that when reporting to an officer a guy is supposed to use the third person, so third person it was going to be—he, she or it.

By the time the colonel reached Ferdinand, he had the third person idea pretty well fixed in his mind.

"What's your name, soldier?" asked the colonel.

"His name is Ferdinand Furlough, sir," answered Furlough.

The colonel paused. "Whose name is Ferdinand Furlough?" he asked.

Ferdinand looked straight ahead. "His name is, sir."

The colonel glanced over his shoulder and then turned on Ferdinand.

"Let's start all over again. What's your name?"

"Ferdinand Furlough, sir."

"So there are two of you, both with the same name!" The colonel gave a hollow laugh.

"No, sir," Ferdinand said. "Just him. He's the only one named Furlough."

"Dammit!" the colonel roared, "stop talking about that invisible friend of yours. What school are you classified for?"

"It's going to be an aerial gunner," replied Ferdinand.

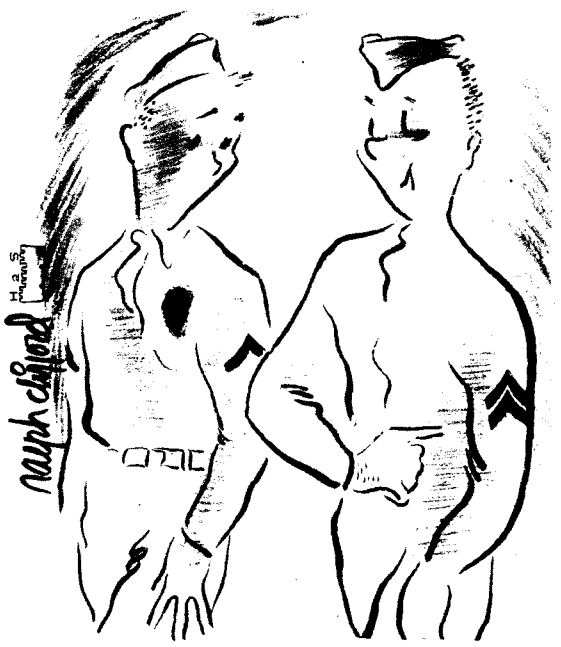
"What's going to be an aerial gunner?" bellowed the colonel, getting purple. "Are you expecting a baby? Confound it, man, what's wrong with you?"

Ferdinand thought quickly. "Nothing, sir. There's nothing wrong with her."

The colonel called the first sergeant. "Have this man report to Section 8," he said.

Ferdinand Furlough saluted smartly. "They'll be there sir," he said.

Fort Eustis, Va. —Cpl. HOWARD J. LEWIS



"They look more impressive both worn on one arm."
—T-5 Ralph Clifford, Camp McCoy, Wis.

PUZZLE SOLUTIONS

CHECKER STRATEGY

White moves 15 to 10—the killer! Black jumps 28 to 19. . . . White king moves 3 to 7. Black jumps 6 to 15. . . . White jumps 13 to 6. Black jumps 1 to 10. . . . White jumps 7 to 14 to 23 to 16 and wins.

Black can take his jumps in a different sequence if he wishes, but it all comes out the same way in the end.

DOUBLE PUZZLE

DICE plus CIGAR plus FLUTE minus TIGER minus ACE plus BANANA minus FINLAND minus A CUBA.

PHOTO CREDITS: Cover & 2—Signal Corps. 3—Acme. 4—Sgt. Arthur Barseldorf. 5—Center right, Acme; others, Sgt. Pete Paris. 6—Sgt. Bob Ghio. 7—Upper, Sgt. Bob McGregor; lower right, U. S. Army. 9—Pvt. Al Unsen. 12—Upper left, OWI; upper right, Signal Corps; center left, Acme; center right, Paris; lower left, Signal Corps; lower right, INP. 13—Upper, INP; lower left, Paris; lower right, Acme. 16—Lower center and lower right, U. S. Navy; all others, Sgt. Dillon Ferris. 18—Left, Aberdeen Proving Ground, Md.; upper right, PRO, Camp Forrest, Tenn.; center right, WW. 19—Upper row, l. to r.: Sgt. John Frano; Acme; Signal Corps—7th Service Command, Camp Carson, Colo. Center row, l. to r.: PRO, Alexandria (La.) AAB; PRO, Cochran Field, Ga. Lower left, PRO, Fort McClellan, Ala. 20—Warner Bros. 21—Cpl. Ben Schnall. 23—Upper, PA; lower left, Sgt. Dick Hanley.

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SPORTS: AN OPEN LETTER TO CPL. IZZY SHAW IN SICILY ABOUT THE FALL OF THE DODGERS

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

Cpl. Izzy Shaw,
En route to Italy,
Somewhere in Sicily.
Dear Izzy:

You probably don't know it, but you are one of the most quoted GIs in the whole Sicily campaign. That statement of yours about the Bums—"Say, tell them Dodgers to get onna ball. They're breakin' the hearts of a lot of guys in this outfit"—has been printed in every newspaper in the country. It even made the front page in *The Eagle*.

Everywhere in Flatbush people are talking about you. The other day while some of your chums were derailing a subway full of Giant fans one of them said he wouldn't be surprised if Branch Rickey gave you a season pass to Ebbets Field when you got back home. And everybody at the regular Saturday tea dance in Red Hook agreed that if the Bums shook off their slump and went on to win the pennant, it would be because of you and the fellows in your outfit.

Now, Izzy, I am going to tell you something you and your buddies won't like. The Bums are through. Washed up. They are breaking everybody's heart. Mine, too, because I crawled out on the limb this spring and predicted they couldn't miss.

But the worst part of it all, Izzy, is that the Dodgers know themselves they are licked. I know Durocher thinks so, or else he wouldn't have booked himself for a USO Camp Shows trip overseas as soon as the baseball season is over. And now I hear the Lip may leave before the season ends if his Bums continue to flounder. The players feel the same way. The other day in Chicago they were sitting in the lobby of their hotel shooting the breeze when Kirby Higbe spoke up:

"Boy, I never have seen a ball club go worse than we are now, and if we don't look out, we'll slide right out of the league and lose our franchise."

"Maybe we're just too old," Albie Glossop suggested. "I'm the second youngest player on the club and I'm 27."

"Hell, even the Cubs have a better club than us in every spot but two," added another veteran Dodger. "I'd take Herman and Vaughan, as well as Stanky or Hack. Otherwise, we ain't got much. We've been lucky."

Izzy, I think maybe Glossop was right. The Dodgers are too old and too slow to get out of their own way. And when their pitching flopped they were really washed up. All the hitting in the world couldn't help them.

Suppose you heard all about the big sympathy strike when the Lip suspended Bobo Newsom for trying to "show up" Bragan with a spitter. Brooklyn wasn't big enough to hold both Durocher and Bobo, so Rickey traded Newsom up the river to the St. Louis Browns, who appear to be going more places than the Dodgers.

Bobo's loss hurt plenty. He had already won nine games and looked good for 15 or 20. But as far as Rickey was concerned, the mutiny was an ominous sign that the Dodgers were through as a pennant contender. He said so himself: "We may not win the pennant, but there will be other seasons."

With Bobo as a starter, Rickey began unloading all of your old heroes and started building for next season. Ducky Medwick was the next to go. The Giants bought him, cheap, for the $7,500 waiver price. There were a lot of reasons why Rickey gave up on Medwick. For one thing, Ducky hadn't been hitting, and another, he was too intimate with Durocher. They played cards together and when Ducky felt like loafing he did so without fear of Durocher fining him. The players noticed these things and didn't like it. They told Rickey so.

Izzy, I don't think anybody realized how straight-out serious Rickey was with his housecleaning campaign until he traded Dolph Camilli, the best damn first baseman in New York, and Johnny Allen to the Giants for three guys named Joe Orengo, Bill Lohrman and Bill Sayles. Like any self-respecting Dodgers would act, Camilli and Allen said they wouldn't play for the Giants and stayed in St. Louis until they could get train reservation back to Brooklyn.

Meanwhile, the Dodgers got into a great fist fight with the Cardinals. Walker Cooper shot his spikes at Augie Galan on a play at first base and Mickey Owen ran out and swung at Cooper. Les Webber, the pitcher, took on five Cardinals at one time and emerged with nothing more serious than a few scratches on his head. The fight even spread to the stands, where Camilli and Allen were watching the game. Allen got so mad that he tore into a St. Louis fan who had been deriding the Dodgers. Camilli started to climb out onto the field and then suddenly remembered that he wasn't a Dodger any more and went back to help Allen.

If Mr. Rickey is trying to give Brooklyn the kind of team he always had in St. Louis, one of those lusty Gas House Gangs, he had better be more careful about who he trades. Izzy, he's getting rid of the wrong guys.

Good Luck,
SGT. DAN POLIER

Look here, Izzy. This is the start of the big fight between your Bums and the Cardinals. Mickey Owen (10) is climbing on Walker Cooper of the Cardinals for spiking Augie Galan. Ed Head (23) tried to separate them, but couldn't. They went down swinging and the battle between both teams was on. Unofficial decision: a draw.

This is the fighting front of Cpl. Al Hoosman, the No. 1 contender for the AEF heavyweight title. He stands 6 feet 5 inches, weighs 210, was undefeated in 25 fights. He's an MP stationed in Australia.

Comdr. John Graff, skipper of the North Carolina Pre-Flight School, is so impressed with **Lt. Buddy Hassett** that he wants to make a small bet that some day Hassett will be manager of the New York Yankees or some major-league club. . . . If the boys in Australia have anything to say about it, the heavyweight champion of this AEF will be **Cpl. Al Hoosman,** a 210-pound Negro MP from Los Angeles, Calif. In his last start, Hoosman flattened the Aussie champion, **Cpl. Herb Narvo** of the Royal Australian Air Force in nine rounds. Back in the States, Al is the former Pacific Coast Golden Gloves champ and was undefeated in 25 straight fights. . . . **Lt. Monte Weaver,** Washington's World Series pitcher against the Giants, is stationed in England with the Fighter Command of the Eighth Air Force. . . . YANK erred last month in locating **Lt. Ken Kavanaugh** of the Chicago Bears in North Africa. He's in Trinidad flying patrol duty.

Indian Bill Geyer, one of Colgate's greatest broken field runners, has been honorably discharged as a air cadet because of an eye condition and will join the Chicago Bears. Geyer was turned down by the Navy last year because of his vision, but he underwent an operation, which resulted in his spending three weeks in total darkness, and eventually was accepted as a pilot. . . . Remember **Sgt. Sammy Baker,** the middleweight contender of the 20s? Well, he's back in the Army, serving a hitch with the infantry in Trinidad. He's a 30-year man. . . . According to the latest check-up by the *Ring Magazine*, 3,987 professional boxers are now in the armed forces, including 33 champions, past and present. . . . **Cpl. Hal Surface,** former Davis Cup star, has been commissioned a lieutenant in the Air Force at the China-Burma-India front.

The Navy football teams, the Pre-Flights and V-12s, have **Secretary of Navy Knox's** permission to play anybody they want in their own area, but they can't play in any bowl contests. . . . Camp Perry, Ohio, claims one of the best baseball service records in the country, one defeat in 17 games, that coming from the Toledo Mud Hens of the American Association. . . . **Jimmy Gleeson,** ex-Cub and Red, is playing the outfield for an Army team in Hawaii. . . . Latest tip is to watch out for **Millington College** of Memphis, Tenn., come football season. It's a Naval Air Technical Training Center with **Lt. Denny Meyers** of Boston College as coach and a schedule that includes the N. Y. Giants, Chicago Bears, Green Bay Packers, Texas Aggies, LSU, Pittsburgh, Oklahoma and SMU. . . . Those Georgia V-12 gridders at Duke will not play football this year.

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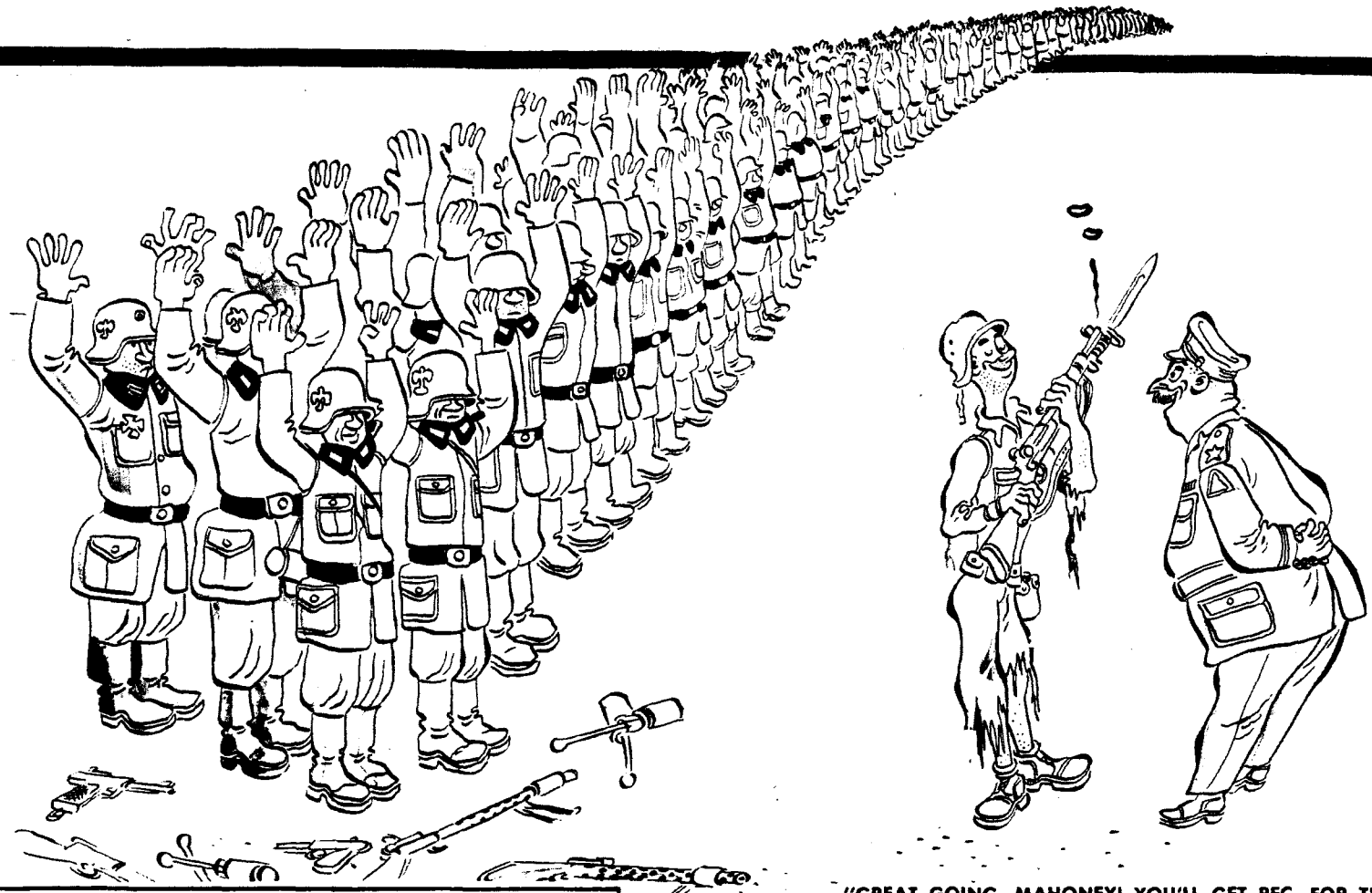
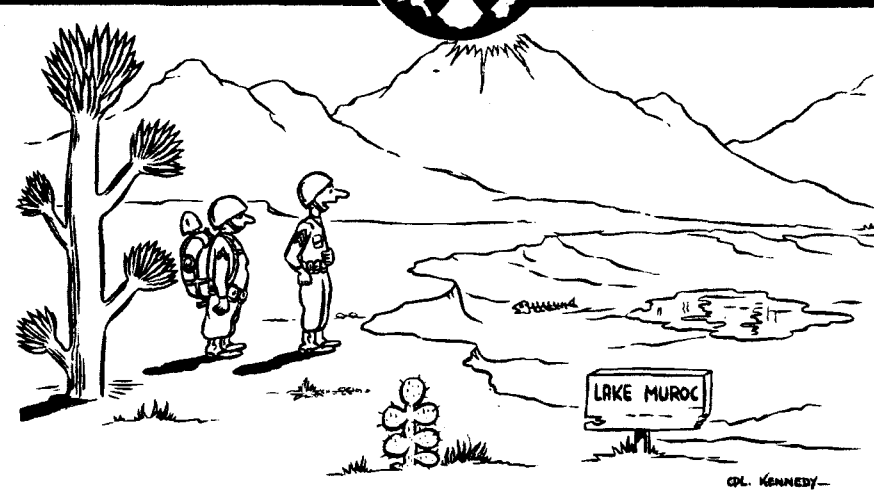


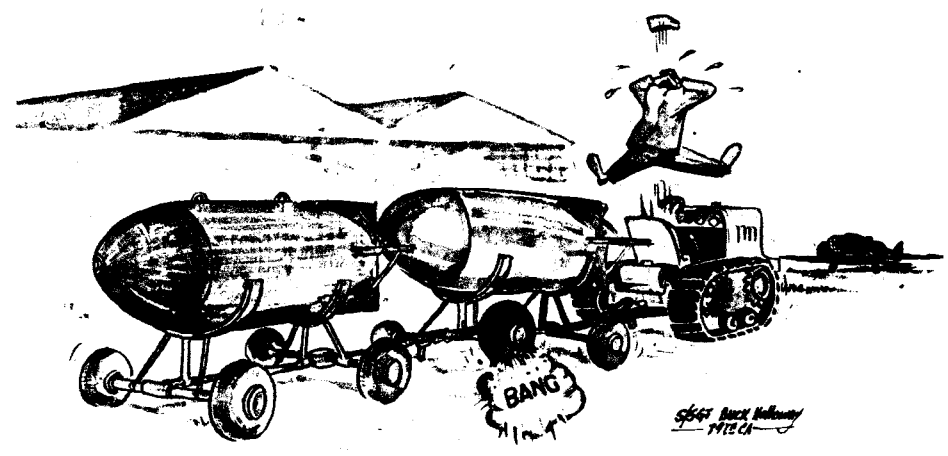
"GREAT GOING, MAHONEY! YOU'LL GET PFC. FOR THIS!"
—Sgt. Irwin Caplan, Fort Knox, Ky.

"IN THE MEDICAL CORPS, SOLDIER, WE DON'T HAVE CHASERS WITH OUR SHOTS."
—Sgt. Frank Brandt and Cpl. Joe Procyson

YANK



"JUST AS I THOUGHT—DEHYDRATED AND SENT TO AFRICA."
—Cpl. Hugh E. Kennedy, San Bernardino, Calif.



—S/Sgt. Buck Holloway, Manchester, Conn.

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